

# The TATLER

Vol. CXXVI. No. 1638.

London  
Nov. 16, 1932

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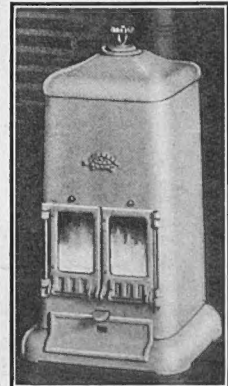
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# The TATTLER

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Walter Bird

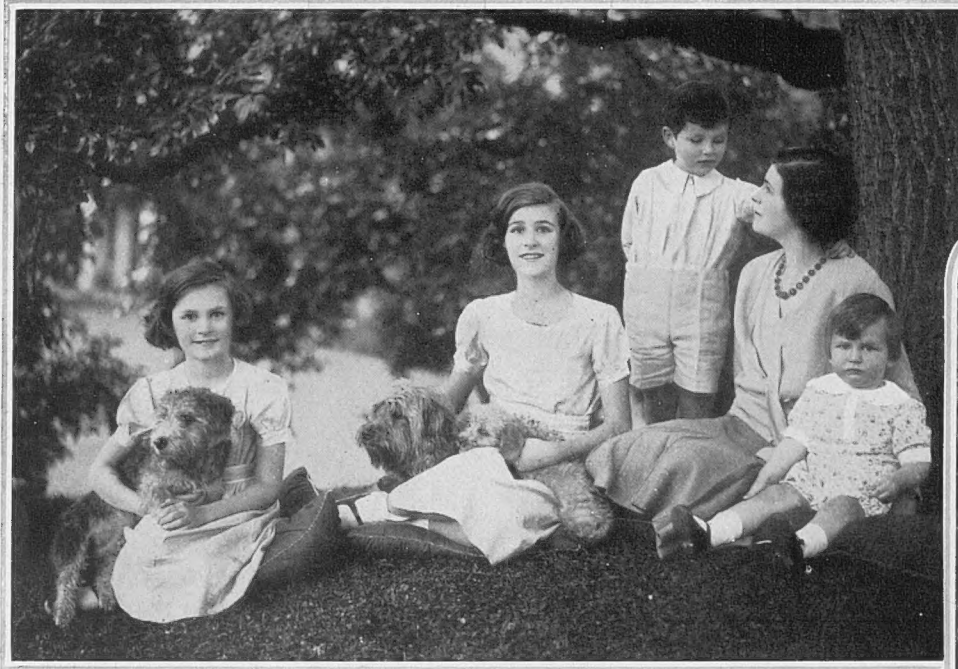
## MISS DIANA CHURCHILL GETS ENGAGED

One of the most important announcements in last week's engagement list was that concerning Mr. John Bailey and Miss Diana Churchill. Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill's eldest daughter is twenty-three, very intelligent and, in profile, remarkably like her mother. Mr. John Bailey was born in 1900, when his father, Sir Abe Bailey, was serving with Lieut.-General Sir Frederick (then Major) Goring's Flying Column in the South African War. He and his future wife have many tastes in common



MR. JOHN BAILEY AND HIS FIANCÉE





A FAMILY PARTY AT MINTO HOUSE

Miss Compton Collier

Lady Minto and her children, Lady Bridget Elliot, Lady Willa Elliot, Lord Melgund, and the Hon. George Elliot at their Roxburghshire home. Lady Bridget will be a débutante in 1939. Both she and her younger sister ride very nicely, and their greatest treat is to go hunting with the Duke of Buccleuch's Hounds

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

MY DEAR,—During the last week or so it would seem as though we had been passing through an emotional wave. Or a series of emotional waves? Or is it the waves which pass through us? Anyhow we have been celebrating dates and events and memories. We have been almost literally wallowing in music of one kind or another. And a quite extraordinary number of young men and maidens have announced their intention to get married.

\* \* \*

"It's an ill wind," and all the rest of it, and Guy Fawkes should be grateful to the depression. For never has the small boys' festival been so eagerly seized upon as an excuse for party giving. You've heard about most of those parties now. Though possibly not so much about some of the "feeling" which was aroused when certain "opposites" were confronted by the originals. None of us really likes being mistaken for someone else, however decorative that someone else may be. Still less are we ever flattered by a deliberate attempt to copy.

\* \* \*

I wonder how many people are as ignorant as I was, until a few days ago, of the fact that Lewes specializes in Guy Fawkes celebrations, and that they have taken place there every year since the first anniversary in 1606. There are many bonfire societies there, each with its own dress and band and its own special part to play in the proceedings. I found practically the whole of Sussex there the other night, when all the societies joined up and marched on to the racecourse, where the largest and hottest bonfire was prepared for the largest and ugliest guy. The noise was deafening and completely drowned the prayers which are part of the burning ceremony.

\* \* \*

Lord Gage had a party for the occasion at Firle, where there were numbers of fires both in the garden and on the estate. And at Wakehurst,



COTTESMORE LIGHTS

Mrs. Hilton Green, the Master's wife, and Miss Marigold Lubbock talking to Mrs. "Priest" Alexander at the Noel Arms, when the Cottesmore met there last week. Miss Lubbock is Lady Kesteven's daughter

## THE LETTERS OF EVE



Poole, Dublin

### THE CAP FITS

The Hon. Lady McCalmont, the new Master of the Kildare, with Miss Noble-Johnson at the opening meet at Johnstown Inn. Her hunting cap certainly becomes this lion-hearted sportswoman, and her public-spiritedness in taking office—at seventy-four, mark you—has aroused the greatest admiration. Lady McCalmont is the mother of Major Dermot McCalmont, Master of the Kilkenny since 1926

Lady Louise Loder had a house full of young people, including Lord and Lady Balmiel, Miss Yvonne Gage, Mr. Robert Cecil, and Mr. Peter Lubbock. And, of course, her own son, Captain John Loder, who is Member for Lewes, and his wife. Mrs. Loder had an unfortunate adventure early in the evening, for she let off a Lewes rouser in the main street of the little town. A policeman seemed to regard it somewhat seriously, but when he realized that she very nearly blew her own head off by holding on to it too long, and that, incidentally, she did happen to be the member's wife, he took a more lenient view of the matter.

\* \* \*

So in the end she was merely invited to pass along. And so will we. "Passons" is a word that keeps cropping up in the new French play at the Cambridge which brings Sacha Guitry back to London with his new leading lady. The play is presented with Mr. Cochran's usual expert showmanship, and it certainly aroused our emotions at last Monday's first night.



We felt a little disappointed that the principal part was not to be played by Mlle. Jacqueline Delubac. Her brief appearance as a typist showed us that she possesses a pleasant sense of comedy and that she looks remarkably like Lady Milbanke. (Should I apologize to both?) But she must learn not to open her mouth so wide or so often, for besides being rather unbecoming, this trick reminds us too painfully of the irreplaceable Yvonne. If a skeleton could exist at such a feast as a Cochran first night, that skeleton was surely the absence of the lovely lady who, until so recently, was associated with M. Guitry in all his theatrical ventures. I know there is something very wrong about that last sentence, but as it expresses what I mean I intend to leave it.

\* \* \*

As for M. Guitry he seemed to revel in the tortures of frantic jealousy, combined with a guilty conscience. Tortures which lead him to throw so many stones at his wife's house that in the end hers too becomes made of glass. Of course, it is only when she has actually been unfaithful that she is able to soothe his jealous rage. It was all very amusing, and the wonderful light play of words, which only the French language can achieve, kept us engrossed in the vicissitudes of this modern Othello. Sacha has made an art of speaking his own language in such a way that everyone of us can understand him. That is one of the great secrets of his popularity with London audiences.

It was a vast and a varied audience which came to see him on Monday. The French and Argentine Ambassadors, and Sir Austen and Lady Chamberlain. Miss Evelyn Laye and Miss Peggy Wood.



Bertram Park  
MARRIED IN PARIS

Princess Emeline de Broglie, who became the bride of Comte Alexandre de Casteja on November 9. A descendant of three Marshals of France, Princess Emeline is the daughter of the late Prince Jean de Broglie and of the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes



A GIBRALTAR WEDDING

Lieutenant E. G. Heywood-Lonsdale, R.N., and his bride, formerly Miss June Shakespeare, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Shakespeare, whose marriage took place in Gibraltar Cathedral. Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale, Flag-Lieutenant to Admiral James, is the youngest son of the late Lieut.-Colonel Heywood-Lonsdale of Shavington



LORD AND LADY LYTTON AND MR. COOPER, M.F.H.

A snapshot taken at Knebworth, when the South Hertfordshire met there. Mr. W. H. Cooper, Sir Richard Cooper's eldest son, is Master and hunts hounds himself. Lieut.-Colonel D. C. Part is in command of the North Hertfordshire, the country having now been divided

The former in a tight-fitting white dress. The latter strangely altered by the new coiffure of curls over the forehead, which she has done for her new part. And the Jack Gilliats, Lord Ivor Churchill, Lady Jowitt, and Mrs. Redmond McGrath, whose friends were condoling with her over the mysterious affair of Mrs. Cunningham Reid's ermine coat which disappeared from her house during the wonderful party she gave the week before.

\* \* \*

The next night we had the first Æolus concert of the season at the Duke of Marlborough's house in Carlton House Terrace. There had been some heart-burning over the tickets, for a rumour had got round that the number was strictly limited to 200. However, 300 turned up, and bar a certain over-anxiety to cramp the seating room of the early comers, for the benefit of late arrivals, there was no hitch. Certainly the magnificent supper provided by the Duke was entirely adequate.

And the musical fare was admirable in every way. Dr. Malcolm Sargent had got together a small string orchestra led by Paul Beard, the brilliant young first violinist of the London Philharmonic—he hails, by the way, from Birmingham. Their rendering of Mozart's "Kleine Nacht Musik," as well as their accompaniment of the bird-like Elizabeth Schumann, was one of the best things musical London has enjoyed for some time. Leon Goossens played the Handel Oboe Concerto quite beautifully.

The things that stood out in the audience were Lady Cunard's immense white feather boa, Lady Mount Temple's inevitable ostrich feather fan, and equally inevitable gleaming green paillettes, Miss Penelope Dudley Ward's charming grey curl falling, as usual, a little over her forehead, Mrs. Simon Elwes' green and white puffed sleeves, and Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger's big red ones and, last but not least, the purple velvet gloves of Lady Dashwood!

\* \* \*

Many of us went on afterwards to the Ball of the Season at Grosvenor House. The Duchess of Rutland was hostess, and I have never seen anyone look more lovely than she did, in her wonderful jewels and beautiful white dress, as she received the guests. It was a very crowded and successful affair, and the vignettes were much applauded. I thought Miss Margaret Whigham looked charming on her way to take the waters at Bath, though I could scarcely believe they were really necessary to her health; she looked so very far from gouty! Admiral Mark Kerr, who is always good at making up, represented his ancestor, the Duke of Richmond, at a reception to celebrate Waterloo.

It crossed my mind to wonder how, say in 2032, future generations will represent us at charity performances if they still exist. I should like to think it would

(Continued overleaf)

c 2



## THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

be something like "The Duchess of Rutland receiving her guests," but I fear it will be more likely to reproduce "A tote queue waiting to draw," or "A road-hog avoiding a speed-cop." This is hardly a picturesque or romantic age!

I hear that Mr. Victor Emanuel has at last taken action in response to the chaffing remarks of his friends. He will not, after all, be hunting from the Savoy this season as I suggested in my last letter. He will, in fact, be hunting from Dingley, which he has taken from Lord Beatty, so my suggestion that the latter and his two sons would be making that their headquarters also falls to the ground. It looks as if they might not be seen out much this season, at any rate in that part of the country. The Hilton Greens, by the way, have taken The Stud House, Lord Lonsdale's place in Leicestershire.

It's very sad to think that after next week we shan't be having any more flat racing until the end of March. Most of the regulars have been making the most of the few remaining days, and I saw nearly all of them at Hurst Park's last meeting, where we enjoyed some good racing in spite of the cold. The winners were not too hard to find, and that was one good reason why we enjoyed ourselves. Besides the regulars I noticed the Cuthbert Stewarts, the Bill Garthways, and Mr. and Mrs. David Heneage. He works in the firm which provided last week's best party. I also saw Mr. Eric Gallatly with a couple of young men from Finland. After looking at them for five minutes I began to wonder why film magnates don't do a little prospecting in that country when they are searching for new heroes.

And that reminds me of my talk the other day with Mr. Eddie Goulding. In case you don't realize it, he is the director of *Grand Hotel*, and reputed to be the most highly-paid director in the world. In his opinion we ought to brighten up London with loud speakers fixed to the corner buildings of all the squares. These

speakers would be continually bursting into cheerful music, and so help us to arrive at our social and business engagements in a happy frame of mind. I wonder if even more hasty marriages might not take place if bright young things were suddenly greeted by tunes like "I Wanna be Loved by You" when they walked through Grosvenor Square.

All the serious music lovers and a great many of the less serious ones turned up at the Queen's Hall on Sunday to see Sir Thomas Beecham conduct the first of his programme of afternoon concerts. The newly formed London Philharmonic Orchestra acquitted itself admirably, as usual, and it looks as though these Sunday afternoon concerts are going to become a really important feature of our musical life. This is a bold experiment on the part of Sir Thomas, as so many of us like to snatch two days out of London at the end of a strenuous week.

Prince George, the most artistic of the younger members of the Royal Family, was in the audience, and Lady Cunard, who is working very hard for the success of Sir Thomas's new scheme, brought a truly immense party which filled the whole of the two front rows of the circle. Lady Abingdon, who wore a red scarf under her fur coat and a hat that resembled a toreador's, was particularly easy to look at, and others in the large party were Lady George Cholmondeley, Lady Ribblesdale, Lady Lavery in her favourite black velvet (and a very good choice too), M. Constantin Skirmunt, the Polish Ambassador, and Mr. Terence Phillips. It was a rather unusual departure on the part of Sir Thomas to give us Berlioz' "Carnaval Romain" Overture again so soon—you may remember that the London Philharmonic opened their season with it only three weeks ago—but it was brilliantly played, and so was the "Beethoven Symphony" which followed it. Some of us found Bizet's "Fair Maid of Perth" a shade on the trivial side by comparison with what had gone before. All the same I congratulate Sir Thomas. —Yours ever, EVE.



LADY KINDERSLEY

Ashley &amp; Crippen

The Chairman of the committee organizing a Christmas Market at the Dorchester on November 22 and 23 in aid of the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital. Besides stalls containing an admirable selection of Christmas presents, there will be exhibition dancing, plenty of side shows, a cocktail bar, and the Coldstream Guards band. The Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital has every reason to be grateful to Lady Kindersley, who works indefatigably on its behalf. She is Chairman of its Revenue Committee as well as Vice-Chairman of its Finance Committee, and the hospital's appeal for £4,000 is a good cause which is very near her heart

too), M. Constantin Skirmunt, the Polish Ambassador, and Mr. Terence Phillips. It was a rather unusual departure on the



AT THE COTSWOLDS OPENING MEET

Miss de Winton and Mrs. Seely talking to a friend at Kilkenny. Mrs. Seely is riding Michael, who is a very famous horse in that part of the country



## CONTEMPORARY



MRS. ELINOR GLYN WITH MISS  
IVY ST. HELIER AT 181, PICCADILLY



MRS. ARCHIE CAMPBELL  
AND MR. TENNANT

## DECORATIONS



LADY SEAFIELD AND MR. GODFREY  
WINN. Extreme right—MR. ERNEST THESIGER



SIR WILLIAM CRAWFORD AND MRS. SANGSTER



MISS HELENE HEDIN  
AND MR. BARALDY



LADY HINDLIP AND MR. STEPHEN DE LASZLO

Last Thursday night an enormous number of people gathered at 181, Piccadilly, to attend the party given by Fortnum and Mason in their new contemporary decoration department. Guests chiefly congregated in a lovely all-white room, which, with its tube lighting, made an effective background to frocks and faces. Celebrities were two a penny. Mrs. Elinor Glyn, to use her own words, was delighted to meet such "a real artist" as Ivy St. Helier (and so say all of us!). Though his picture does not appear, Mr. Noel Coward was there too, the orchestra bursting into "Mad About the Boy" when he arrived. Lady Seafield met many friends, and Lady Hindlip exchanged a quip or two with Mr. de Laszlo, son of the famous artist. Then there was Sir William Crawford, who as Vice-Chairman of the Empire Marketing Board's Publicity Committee has many important decisions to make at the moment. Miss Helene Hedin is a film actress from The Garbo's country. Others present included Lord Kimberley's sister, Lady Isabel Wodehouse, and Sir Guy Campbell's sister-in-law, Mrs. Archie Campbell.



ENJOYING THE GOOD "EATS": LADY ADARE,  
LADY ISABEL WODEHOUSE, AND MRS. CECIL PIM

Photographs by Sasha





ANOTHER LACQUER LADY

Myrna Loy effectively supports one of the new black-lacquered wigs which has curls arranged to suggest a Spanish comb, and is appropriately named "Caliente." This latest form of headgear has become very popular in Hollywood, where attractive Myrna Loy is one of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's featured players

THE things which "no fellow can understand" are few indeed in comparison with those which no film-critic can understand. What, for example, is the reason for the astonishing success of *La Bennett*, for so I have no doubt she would like to be called. The person I allude to is, of course, the blonde chit of that name, more generally known as Constance Bennett. I went to see her the other evening in *Two Against the World* at the Regal. Now it is always objected to us poor scribes that we cannot differentiate between the part and the actress, that we should not recognise a great actress in a poor part, or know a poor actress in a great part. Let me say at once that *La Bennett* was not handicapped by her rôle at the Regal, since the film and the part she had to play in it triumphantly attained that rapturous imbecility necessary for the proper showing of film genius. Constance had a sister who reclining with a gentleman upon what it is proper to call a divan allowed a locket to slip between the pillow and the sheets. The discovery naturally annoyed the sister's fiancé, whereupon Constance trotted out the time-honoured gag that she, Constance, had borrowed her sister's locket for the purpose of reclining upon the divan with the gentleman. This confession considerably annoyed Constance's fiancé, and indeed there is something here in film logic which escapes me. Of two fiancés one obviously had to be annoyed since there was no denying the locket and the reclining. Why is it better to blame the guiltless rather than the guilty sister? Still, as I always say, plays and films have to be about something, and perhaps that silly sort of sacrifice is what sisters are always whispering about in cloak-rooms and elsewhere. Then the sisters' brother upped and shot the man who had done the reclining, and the lawyer for the prosecution was, of course, Constance's fiancé. Whereupon Constance went into the witness-box, looked her lover in the eyes, admitted that her brother had committed the murder, and demanded to know whether the poor boy wasn't justified, since he did it because of her, Constance's, dishonour. And Counsel for the boy, who had not heard a word of this defence, had hardly time to recover his

# THE CINEMA

Bubble and Squeak

By JAMES AGATE

breath before the court acquitted the boy and Constance was found fleeing to Europe in the seclusion of some transatlantic liner's most popular cocktail bar. Whereat her fiancé appeared and, as the ship's captain megaphoned that the boat was about to sail, whisked her over the side giving her, I presume, a locket and a divan of her own. Now if anybody can prove to me that that is not a good part for a film star I am prepared to attend the films for one year in evening dress. What I cannot understand is how our Constance has come by any kind of reputation. This film shows her possessed of a round face and square chin, of no particular beauty and indeed resembling a rather nice apple-dumpling. In addition I could name twenty film-stars who are better actresses and, in short, I can see nothing remarkable about Constance Bennett except her hair which is undeniably lovely. Beauty draws us with a single hair, says some poet, and it would appear that a single hair of Constance draws as much salary as the entire talent of better artists.

From the Regal I went over to the Empire to see *Payment Deferred* in which I have a particular interest since but for me this film would never have been made. Going over to Paris some four or five years ago I picked up Mr. C. S. Forester's novel with this title and at once became absorbed in it. I read it on the boat, on the French train, and in the bedroom of my hotel, postponing dinner until I got to the end of the best murder story, except one, ever written. The exception is of course *Malice Aforethought*. Here, I said to myself, is a grand play and a grand part for Charles Laughton, whom I proceeded to stalk. Having interested Charles in the part I then said I would get the play made. This took me two or three years since the adaptor does not live who when you put a first-class theme up to him does not immediately want to adapt something else. "Splendid, old man," they would say absent-mindedly, after I had told them Mr. Forester's story, "only I rather think of doing *Jackanapes* or *Westward Ho!*" After which they would proceed to tell me those stories. Three years passed before among the many well-known play adaptors of this country I could find one with a grain of sense. Finally I had the great good fortune to encounter Mr. Jeffrey Dell who made the admirable adaptation which was seen at the St. James's Theatre. Now here comes an extraordinary thing. The point which in the book hanged Marble was his constant poring over the books on poison. "It is alleged by the prosecution," said the Judge, "that you read these books in the intention of poisoning your wife. Can you give the court any other reason for your extraordinary interest in poison?" Whereupon Marble burst into maniacal laughter. He had a perfect explanation, which would however have revealed him as the author of another murder. The Judge's question and Marble's laugh seemed to me to be the whole hinge and pivot of the book. Yet I remember that in Mr. Dell's play this point was insufficiently stressed and that at my request a passage was written in. But in the film it was written out again, and while Marble is shown poring over the books on poison no inference whatever is drawn from this fact and the Judge's famous question is not put. Whereby, of course, the whole point of the story is lost, just as it so nearly was in the play. I find it odd that the entire world should be in a conspiracy of stupidity upon the one thing in the story that matters. In my view it is like telling the story of Cain and Abel with the murder left out. Our Charles is allowed his famous laugh but it is transferred to the point where Marble's wife attributes their sudden wealth to the embezzlement of bank funds, and I suppose it is just like the cinema to reject a first-class dramatic effect for something less good. Indeed I have always thought that any play or film version of this book should end with the Judge's question and Marble's hideous reply. Apart from this idiotic bungling the affair is comparatively successful. Charles repeats his fine performance but the three women are not a patch upon Louise Hampton, Jeanne de Casalis, and Elsa Lanchester.





Truman Howell

IN HEREFORDSHIRE: SIR JAMES CROFT, M.F.H. (right)  
AND MR. DAVIES

## AS IT HAPPENED LAST WEEK



Truman Howell

VIEWING RETRIEVER TRIALS: CAPTAIN J. STEPHENS, LADY ANNE BRIDGEMAN,  
LORD BRADFORD, MAJOR HAYWARD, MR. R. COOKE, CAPTAIN J. COOKE, AND  
COLONEL H. M. WILSON



Eric Gay

LADY COPE AND HER CHILDREN



Truman Howell

THE HON. CHARLES LYTTETLTON AND  
LORD NEWPORT AT WESTON PARK



LADY MARGARET DOUGLAS-HOME  
AND THE HON. HELEN MILDMAI

The lurking camera found many victims at a variety of sporting events last week. Sir James Croft was sighted at the opening meet of the North Herefordshire at Hampton Court. He is Joint Master of this pack, but unfortunately is not on the active list at the moment, having broken his arm. Lord Bradford and his son and daughter, Lord Newport and Lady Anne Bridgeman, were among those participating in the Shropshire, Cheshire, and North Wales Retriever Club Trials, held on Lord Bradford's estate, Weston Park. The Hon. Charles Lyttelton, Lord Cobham's heir, was also in attendance, complete with gun. Lady Cope and her children, Anthony and Joan, were photographed when the Garth met at their home, Bramshill Park. Her husband, Sir Denzil Cope, has just succeeded to the title. Lady Margaret Douglas-Home and the Hon. Helen Mildmay went racing at Chelmsford last week. The former is the wife of the Hon. Henry Douglas-Home, and the latter the daughter of Lord and Lady Mildmay



# From the Shires and Provinces

## A Leicestershire Letter

The Quorn had a soaker on the Friday in the mountainous region round John o' Gaunt, and hounds could never really do much all day. On the principle of a crossbar on a straying cow, Higgy should wear a much longer safety-pin to prevent more than his head going through a flight of rails. We seem to have a new "triple threat man," as the football fans among our American visitors would describe him, but how much longer he will be with us seems problematical unless the continuous rain has rotted *all* the top rails.

Saturday the Belvoir had a non-stop day from Elton, while the Cottesmore had a crackerjack. Starting with a ring from Berry Gorse over the "boy's end" of the Burton Flats, just to unbutton themselves, they then ran from Whissenthorpe through Laxton's, over the Whissendine near the village, and killed him between Ashwell and Barleythorpe. What more can you want and how few saw it? For those who have only seen the Whissendine depicted as a size smaller than the St. Lawrence with an elephant khedder of rails on the take-off side, it should be explained that the catch about this historic obstacle is that bog renders it only jumpable in a few places where the banks are so rotten that they will only stand about the first three horses. Between these banks stagnates 8 ft. wide of semi-liquid which the convulsion of a man and his horse converts into a greeny black slime. Dozens fell in, and those helping them got knocked in, so that nothing short of a complete bath of Odorono could render them fit to sit at meat with their fellow men that evening. Kirby Gate was a bigger show than ever, conducive to the good of the sport in general, but not for the day in particular. Scent was very moderate and only plenty of foxes could provide fun. Our sympathy with Hoby on his loss, a serious item these days.

STATISTICIAN. — We have heard of the same horse kicking the same hound twice but not three times—so far.

## From the Beaufort

Our fields are for ever increasing, and at Silk Wood on Tuesday we were rewarded with a useful hunt; someone said there were thirty foxes on foot; evidently there were more than Master wanted as he was at them the next day (Wednesday) with a mixed pack.

Saturday we did nothing but go round in circles. Monday opening meet for the Eton long-leavers at the kennels, and there was plenty of galloping for them all. Lady's Wood has been let on a lease to the Phillipis, and Madam is going to join the chase. Lady Diana will be a notable absentee this season, having, under doctor's orders, to winter abroad; let's hope she will soon return to show 'em the way once more. By the way, the book she and Lady Apsley have written has sold marvellously well, and some of the followers would do well to study it. We can now boast of a pack of "jelly dogs," and the new Gloucestershire Adjutant, Captain Robin Leigh, is hunting them, whilst Major Frank Mitchell is O.C. The Yeomanry Ball at Hare and Hounds next week starts our party season, and should attract a large crowd. We are having a lawn meet; just think of it, and the excitement it will cause!

## From the Fernie

Recent rain has left the country in very deep condition. Monday at the Laughton Hills found us plugging through the mud behind a Mowesley fox who doubled twice to Bosworth before leading us into a bad portion of Pytchley territory divided by canal and railway. The brook at South Kilworth stopped most of the field. Discretion was the better part of valour. Those who faced the rotten banks just managed to scramble over. Unfortunately one of our Masters came to grief and was slightly concussed; latest report, all's well.

Earl Beatty and his sons made their first appearance this season. The pony rally at Kibworth was marred by bad weather, but Mrs. "Bill" Massey, who now organizes these meetings, had a large following to hear the lecture.

The roadway at New Inn on Thursday held a congested mob of horses (several be-ribboned) who found the footing anything but secure. Not until we had killed our fox and entered the pastures were we able to take liberty; then having found at Tamboro, a fast thirty-five minutes to Hungerton fox-holes satisfied everyone. The best hunt for some time. Miss Butler, of the Ashlands, at one time a first flighter, was present to see her covert drawn. The Meltonians were very much in the picture; also the lady on the white pony. The appointment of Captain "Tom" Hobbs as O.C. motor-cars should have good effect on the road hogs. It was a far cry from Hungerton to Sheepthorns, where we put out our next fox.

## From Warwickshire

The last of the cub-hunting and fifty-two brace the toll. Monday, in the rather difficult country above Stratford-on-Avon, began badly for Philip, who was literally shot sitting at Chadshunt gates by a speeding motor-bicyclist; a brand new car wrecked beyond repair, but happily no one much the worse.

Tuesday, Bricklin and Walton; meritorious hound-work, but uneventful.

Thursday, our duty well done by the Nardy Bush foxes, and then the reward. A great scenting day, and the North Cotswold had met

not far off. Both packs running hard and then each checked within three fields of each other—a holloa! Whose fox it was matters not, but then came a graceful example of hunting etiquette and comradeship; Cox swinging in at the gallop, with his pack all a-fire, got a quick handshake from the North Cotswold Master, and his offer that Cox should take command. This was most properly acknowledged and refused; then, on the instant, both packs picked up the line with a cry fit "to waken the dead" and the devil in anyone ready for a ride. Then twenty minutes as fast as anyone could wish, and over a country well worthy of the adventure. Warwickshire "Pastry" was cutting out the work for both packs, and this was handsomely acknowledged by the invading, but most welcome Master, who throughout was in the best possible position to judge. Well up with them, Sheilah and Cicely, with the "light of battle" in their eyes, saw to it that the reputation of the Warwickshire ladies suffered nothing during the gallop. To ground in a rabbit-hole in our cheese hedge and broken up by forty-eight couple of hounds is the end of the story.



MR. C. HILTON GREEN, M.F.H., AND LORD BURGHLEY, M.P.

The Cottesmore's Master greets the Member for Peterborough at the Noel Arms. Lord Burghley has a world-wide reputation for negotiating obstacles on his feet, and he also takes the leaps in his stride when he is riding across Leicestershire. At the moment, alas, "foot and mouth" has cancelled many meets there



## PREMIÈRE PATRONS



MISS DOROTHY HYSON (DAUGHTER OF MISS DOROTHY DICKSON) AND MR. COCHRAN AT THE OPENING OF THE SACHA GUITRY SEASON



ALSO AT "LA JALOUSIE": THE RANEE OF PUDUKOTA WITH MADAME ZELIE DE LUSSAN, THE PRIMA DONNA



MR. AND MRS. W. GRAHAME-BROWNE (MARIE TEMPEST) AT THE APOLLO



IN ORDER TO VIEW "SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY": MISS BENITA HUME ARRIVES WITH MR. JACK DUNFEE



MISS AURIOL LEE AND MISS G. B. STERN WERE ALSO AT THE APOLLO FIRST NIGHT

This page is concerned with two first nights, the opening of Sacha Guitry's season at the Cambridge Theatre and the production, at the Apollo, of "Springtime for Henry," described in detail on page 273. As Mr. Cochran is directing the Guitry season, he was naturally present to view "La Jalousie," one of Sacha's own comedies. Miss Dorothy Dickson's pretty débutante daughter and the Ranee Pudukota added to the décor of the audience. Many well-knowns were to be seen at the Apollo première, among them Mr. Jack Dunfee, the racing motorist.



LORD AND LADY PLUNKET AND MISS FANNY WARD

Photographs by Sasha



# WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

## Story of a Successful Life.

WITH his life of "Alfred Fripp: The Famous Surgeon" (Hutchinson. 15s.), Mr. Cecil Roberts has given us a deeply interesting biography. And yet something is missing, something which can grip the imagination and move us to sympathetic understanding of the man. The fact is, I suppose, that the life of Sir Alfred Fripp was so invariably successful that it can touch our own too seldom. Our own—so much a life-education by error. A leaner time, a serious set-back, some of those inner tragedies which make the days of most of us so much hidden suffering, and the story of this famous surgeon might have moved us more. Almost on the very threshold of his career, however, Fripp's fortune was made through a chance meeting with the late Duke of Clarence and H.R.H.'s immediate friendship with the young doctor. Henceforward Alfred Fripp's life became so many steps upward to greater and greater fame. Apart from his genius as a surgeon he was a great social success. His life-story, therefore, consists very much of tireless work at his profession punctuated by incessant dinner-parties. Naturally the one helped the other, but it makes the story of his life rather an existence apart. The road may have been hard-going, but the direction was almost monotonously straight. Therefore when the time came through a series of unavoidable circumstances, aided perhaps by mild intrigue, and Sir Alfred found that he was not included among the doctors who had personal contact with the late King Edward during that illness which postponed his coronation, it is as a specially interesting incident in a career which otherwise so seldom hung in suspense. Yet something of Fripp's wonderfully attractive personality, apart from his genius as a surgeon, emerges through the pages of this interesting biography. His energy was stupendous. That eventually he wore himself out was surely inevitable. And yet, perhaps, even his comparatively early death was all part of his life's success. For he died in harness, surgical as well as social. All his life had he given himself to both worlds; so much so that one must believe that his own life, the inner life from which alone we have to borrow when we are old, must have been rather lonely and bare. And this probably was a difficulty, albeit unconscious, in the work of his biographer. Nevertheless, Mr. Roberts makes the most he can of the set-backs in the successful career of his subject. Sir Alfred's misunderstanding amounting to an open quarrel, and only just missing a lawsuit as a consequence, with Countess Howe, over a book on the Yeomanry Hospitals of the South African War, is a case in point. But for the rest it is the story of an immensely successful and an immensely happy life. Fripp quickly reached the head of his profession; he married happily, he enjoyed magnificent health, and he was a notable figure in the purely social world of the Edwardian era. That he never seemed to have a moment to himself is best explained that he probably never wanted a moment to himself. Therefore, perhaps, the biography misses that air of friendly intimacy which can make some biographies the story of a friend. So we never really get to know him personally much more than we might have known him had we met him at a dinner-party or been a fellow guest of his during a week-end at Warwick Castle. What with the great labour of his profession, his incessant social calls, the immense work he put in for the betterment of Guy's Hospital, and his surgical work during the South African War, he was at all times, perhaps, too busy ever really to get to know. Maybe it is this ceaseless busy-ness which keeps the subject of this biography, so to speak, at arm's length from the readers of it. What a wonderful surgeon! we say. What a popular man! And then we can say

nothing else. Alfred Fripp was a many-sided man. Yet all his sides seemed to be *outsides*. One yearned all through this able biography for an inside, but none seemed to be forthcoming. A pity; for such a happy home-life could not have been founded only upon marvellous surgical operations nor royal smiles. This side of his life, however, we have to take for granted. As a subject of biography, therefore, we bid him farewell; an interesting, a brilliant man, but still a mere acquaintance.

### The Late Lord Oxford.

It is quite otherwise with J.C. Spender and Cyril Asquith's "Life of Lord Oxford and Asquith" (Hutchinson. Two volumes, 36s.). His son, for example, supplies those intimate pictures of purely family life which permit us to become friends with a man immediately. Thus we are



Bertram Park

MRS. GORDON MACREADY

The very pretty wife of Lieut.-Colonel Gordon Macready and daughter-in-law of General Sir Nevil Macready. Her father, the Duc de Noailles, owns the historic château of Maintenon, which was given to Madame de Maintenon by Louis XIV. Mrs. Macready plays tennis exceedingly well and has represented France at Wimbledon



MARCEL DE HAES

A clever drawing by Violet Duchess of Rutland. Marcel de Haes, whose delightful voice is well known to Londoners, was singing at the Grosvenor during October

on a footing of intimacy with all that side of Lord Oxford's life when Mr. Spender takes over his worldly and political existence. The love-letters included in the volume have come in for much criticism, but, personally, I am thankful they are there. They are beautiful love-letters, and the kind of love-letters which any woman would be proud to keep. They are so adoring and yet so sensible. Had they been otherwise—just adoring and irrationally silly—it would have been a pity to publish them, especially when in love no man is normal, and the beautiful fairy stories of our lives can easily appear such harlequinades when printed in cold blood, so to speak. To repeat, one gets to know and to admire Lord Oxford, the father, lover, and friend, before we are taken into the turmoil of political strife, when a statesman's career can become as difficult as walking on a tight-rope in a high gale. That in both aspects of his life Lord Oxford at the hands of his two biographers still remains a composite and understandable whole is the sign of real biographical triumph. For Asquith, to be quite honest, was a level-headed, sensible man, with a hatred of self-advertisement, picturesque bravado, and that quality, against which he so often stormed and which was referred to by him as "tosh." Alas! the world is fed on "tosh," and becomes, as a consequence, "toshier" every day. There was,

(Continued on p. 272)



# THE OPPORTUNIST

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



First Gent: Well, I could have sworn I saw you in the market yesterday  
Second Gent: No, I wasn't in the market yesterday  
First Gent: You must have a double  
Second Gent: Thanks, I will



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

however, nothing of the film-star careerism about Lord Oxford. He loathed publicity, and possessed that quality which drives a straight, untrimmed road through all difficulties. He hated fanfares of symbolical trumpets. So that the difficulty of making two volumes of biography interesting from beginning to end must have been colossal with so little picturesque clap-trap to excuse or to explain away. Moreover, nothing is so easy as to make politics of the day-before-yesterday hard reading. Consequently, Mr. Spender devotes only just enough space to two of Asquith's greatest achievements: namely, the destruction of Chamberlain's tariff campaign in 1904, and the passing of the Veto Bill in 1910. Nevertheless, he allows detail full play when we come to the formation of the first and second Coalition Governments: the first a fine example of a political dog-fight in Downing Street; the story behind the second, perhaps the most interesting part of an absorbingly interesting book—apart, of course, from the delightful story of Lord Oxford's home life.

\*      \*

#### Confessions of a Great Singer.

If any further proof were needed to convince his admirers that Feodor Chaliapin is not only one of the world's greatest singers, but also one of the world's greatest actors, his new autobiography, "Man and Mask" (Gollancz. 18s.), is surely that final proof. One may safely say, judging from this absorbingly interesting book of confessions, that he is more interested intellectually in the art of acting than in the art of singing. At any rate, this book might have been written by an actor alone, and not by one who combined a genius for interpretation with outstanding musical attainment. At any rate, actors will profit by reading it just as much as singers. It is a curious fact that too often with a magnificent voice there goes a strange lack of intellectual perspicacity. The noble army of most operatic singers bears witness to this. They are singers, dressed up and performing certain bodily actions, little else. No wonder opera has, as a rule, small intellectual appeal, apart from the music itself. One can, indeed, enjoy it often more with one's eyes closed than when one watches the performance on the stage. Very, very few singers even attempt also to act with their voices. And without this art of vocal acting it matters little in the scheme of things if they are making love or being murdered. It is invariably all the same to pure *bel canto*. Chaliapin, however, stands above and apart in this respect. Had he not the glorious voice he still possesses, he would yet triumph through his genius of interpretation. And how this side of his art has been built up, perfected; how it inspired him and has inspired him all through his career, is explained in these memoirs. Apart from this, the book takes up his life from the point where the earlier volume, "Pages of My Life," left off. The story takes us through the War years and into existence under the Soviet Government after the Revolution. And seldom has the cruel idiocy of man been better

painted than in these pictures of a great country in the throes of revolt for greater happiness for the greater number. Once again it proves that those, who first of all foster reform and are ready to give their lives for its fulfilment, are superseded immediately when these reforms are ready to be put into practice by a hooligan band of their so-called disciples, who perpetrate invariably just those acts of cruelty, oppression, and injustice which their battle-cry is keen to condemn. The same kind of nests are feathered, only the birds are different. You have an example of this in both Chaliapin himself and in Maxim Gorki. Both men's hearts and souls were with the under-dogs, and both discovered that when their dream of a greater liberty and justice was about to come true the dream was shattered by repetition of the old tyranny, the old cruelties, the old spilling of innocent blood. Nevertheless, through all his adversities, through the loss of all his fortune, the spirit and genius which brought

Chaliapin from very humble origin to world celebrity remained unvanquished. This spirit and this genius pervade the book. As a life story it is absorbing; as the memoir of a great artist who in it explains the building-up of his art, it has immense value and interest.

\*      \*

#### Thoughts from "Man and Mask."

"Misfortune is an excellent master."

"The outward appearance of many gifted men is often in strong contradiction to the infinite resources of their true nature."

"A man who can say to another with all his heart, 'Hail, friend,' possesses the greatest knowledge, the highest wisdom, the most living religion."

"There is an art of living as well as an art of acting. The part man plays in life is infinitely more complicated than any part he may play in the theatre."

"The good is beautiful and the beautiful is good."

"An intellectual is a man who is ready at any moment in his life to step forward unarmed in defence of truth and

who is prepared to lay down his very life."

\*      \*      \*

#### Another "Thrill" of Facts.

As for Marthe McKenna's own story, "I Was a Spy" (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.), it will keep you out of bed for just so long as you are reading it. This is the first-hand account of a Belgian woman who became a hospital nurse in the War, and was one of the most famous, as well as the most successful, spies, risking her life for the cause of the Allies. It was four years of almost hourly danger until at last she was caught, court-martialled, and sentenced to death. She is still alive, however, and the wife of a British officer. This book, which is an account of her experiences, is just about a thousand times more thrilling than the average book of fiction written deliberately to excite.



London Child (on her first view of a rainbow): Oo—mummy—what is it advertising?





Stage Photo Co.  
THE RAKE PROGRESSES:  
RONALD SQUIRE AND ISABEL  
JEANS

## "SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY"

Players please  
at the Apollo

The players, rather than the play, are the thing in Benn Levy's new farce. "Springtime for Henry" is frankly not one of his best efforts, but of the brilliant acting of its cast of four—Ronald Squire, Isabel Jeans, Nigel Bruce, and Joan Barry—there is no doubt. Mr. Squire has returned to actor management as one Mr. Dewlip, a rakish maker of motor-cars who has dishonourable designs on Mrs. Jelliwell (Isabel Jeans), the wife of his best friend (Nigel Bruce). Miss Joan Barry as Miss Smith, the pseudo prim typist, is to dissuade him from these nefarious intentions, and temporary reformation sets in, but the ultimate pairing off of Mr. Jelliwell with Miss Smith leaves only one alternative



NIGEL BRUCE AND JOAN BARRY



JOAN BARRY AND RONALD SQUIRE



# A Rugby Letter

DEAR TATLER,—You will, of course, have a lively recollection of a stalwart marine officer, H. C. Harrison by name, known to his friends as "Tiny" or "Dreadnought," who played Rugby four times for England just before the War. A great man was "Dreadnought," in stature and in his profession, for he gained much credit during the War as well as a D.S.O. Now he has become C.O. of the Yorkshire Regiment, and both he and the Green Howards may be congratulated.

He has one curious record: he has represented both the Army and the Navy at Rugby. This fine impartiality was rendered possible by the fact that at one period the Marines were held to belong to the Army if they were serving ashore, and to the Navy if they were afloat. Nowadays, of course, no one can rival his performance, for the Marines are held to belong to the Navy, at any rate for sporting purposes, no matter where they may be employed.

There was another Harrison, of the Navy, contemporary with "H. C.", in the English team of 1914, A. L. Harrison, to wit, who lost his life in the Zeebrugge expedition, and in losing it gained the highest honour an Englishman can obtain—the V.C. If memory serves, this was the only V.C. gained by an English International in the War, though one would be delighted to hear that there were others. I remember a rumour that his was one of two crosses voted for by the men of the *Vindictive*, every one of whom deserved a V.C. himself, so that A. L. Harrison's Cross must stand very high in the order of merit.

H. C. Harrison is also known to fame by reason of a perfectly wonderful blue serge suit in which he once appeared as a touch judge at Twickenham, to the joy and admiration of all beholders, especially those of the gentler sex. Never was there a suit to beat that one for style and fit, and in it "Dreadnought" caused devastation indeed.

There is another sailor-man in the news, Commander A. T. Longford, who not so long ago was appointed secretary of the Richmond Athletic Ground and who has done an immense amount of valuable work there. He has now, I learn, been appointed to the secretaryship of the National Liberal Club, and Richmond's loss will certainly be that caravanserai's gain.

It was disquieting the other day that D. W. Burland, the famous Bristol and England centre, had dislocated his shoulder whilst playing against the Harlequins at Twickenham. This means an absence from the game for some weeks at least, and a dislocated shoulder is always a nuisance, as the injury is

always liable to recur. We cannot afford to lose Burland, for there is a great dearth of class centres at the moment, in the south at any rate; perhaps the north will produce one or two at Sunderland.

Oxford cannot help, for there is only one Englishman in their back division, the stand-off half, K. L. Jackson, the freshman from Rugby, where, by the way, he played in the centre. The other six are a cosmopolitan crowd, and not all of them are great players. There is one brilliant star, however, S. L. Waide, the Irish International who failed to get a blue last year, though his claims were obvious enough to all who knew anything about the game. He is both fast and resourceful and knows the way to the line, and with a clever centre he would be a most dangerous scorer. As things are he gets none too many openings, but he has managed to score in every match in spite of being heavily marked. He will be very useful to Ireland later on.

I have had the pleasure once or twice lately of seeing W. W. Wakefield referee, and a pleasure it is. No fuss and no conversation, just getting on with the game with the minimum of delay. And no stickling for the letter of the law, but a liberal interpretation of the sport of the game. It is a pity there are not more like him; too many officials are obsessed with an idea of their own importance. The best referee is he who obtrudes himself as little as possible on the notice of players and spectators.



GUYS HOSPITAL XV

R. S. Crisp

The team (plus officials) which beat Northampton by 13 points to 8 at Honor Oak Park, largely owing to the brilliance of Giesen, the stand-off half. Standing—J. H. E. Winston (hon. match secretary), T. Morgan (captain), A. R. Clarke, M. R. Kark, A. G. Heberlein, I. G. Robin, R. J. Drummond, D. E. Ashdown, H. Dingley (referee), W. B. Clegg; sitting—I. K. Thomas, A. G. Johnson, P. C. Alexander (hon. secretary), J. E. Giesen (vice-captain), R. A. P. Hogbin, J. P. O'Shea, R. J. Eustace; in front—W. J. R. C. Morgan, C. S. Darke

before the 'Varsity match, and the second at Torquay a fortnight later. Of course, our selectors have so much travelling to do that journeys like this are nothing to them, and anyway, Torquay is a pleasant spot in mid-December, though perhaps this can hardly be said of Sunderland. The final trial, England v. the Rest, is of course to be played at headquarters on January 7, and a fortnight later Wales will make their tenth attempt to win at Twickenham. The Irishmen have won there twice, and Scotland once, but the Welshmen can only point to one draw, in 1931.

We can only hope for the best, encouraged by the fact that England's mascot, Captain E. W. Roberts, is again on the selection committee. Not often has England been defeated when he and John Daniell have been largely responsible for the pack. By the way, he is still often referred to as Commander Roberts, whereas he has been a captain so long that if he doesn't take care he will soon be an admiral. HARLEQUIN.





LADY HARCOURT AND HER DAUGHTER.  
THE HON. ELIZABETH ANN HARCOURT



LORD HARCOURT

## A HAPPY FAMILY

Viscount and Viscountess Harcourt  
and their engaging young daughter



LADY HARCOURT

One of last year's most important marriages was that of the 2nd Viscount Harcourt to the Hon. Elizabeth Grosvenor, only daughter of Lord and Lady Ebury. It took place at St. Margaret's, with the Bishop of London officiating, and the Earl of Athlone and Princess Alice heading the list of distinguished guests. The Hon. Elizabeth Ann Harcourt, who will be a year old in February, has an imposing list of godparents, included among them being the Hon. Phyllis Astor, the Hon. Mrs. Somerset Maxwell and Sir Harold Wernher. Lord Harcourt succeeded his father in 1922, at the age of fourteen. He owns Nuneham Park, in Oxfordshire, and also has a house in London

*Photographs by Lenarc*



## THE "COME AS YOUR OPPOSITE" PARTY



LORD MELCHETT, AS "PROFESSOR CLARENCE SKINNER," WITH THE HON. MRS. EVAN MORGAN



LORD STAVORDALE AS BERNARD SHAW AND LADY WEYMOUTH AS A TRAPEZE ARTIST



MISS NANCY BEATON AND HER ALL BLACK FIANCÉ, SIR HUGH SMILEY



MR. DUGGAN, MR. CECIL BEATON, MRS. PETER THURSBY, LADY MORVYTH BENSON AND LADY STAVORDALE



MR. MUTOX, THE HON. NANCY FREEMAN-MITFORD AND THE HON. HAMISH ST. CLAIR-ERSKINE

A perfectly marvellous party—this was the general verdict on the dressing up do-meant given by Mr. Cecil Beaton at Ashcombe, his country house in Wiltshire. The idea that everyone should impersonate his or her opposite appealed greatly, and the resulting disguises were in many cases interesting revelations of character! Lord Melchett decided that the illusive Mr. Montagu Norman provided the greatest possible contrast to his personality, while Lord Stavordale's impression of Bernard Shaw was quite good enough to be true. Miss Nancy Beaton came as Lady Furness, her sister, Baba, replying with a representation of Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt. The host himself was first "Private Perkins" and later Marion Harris, and Mrs. Peter Thursby became Mary Pickford for the evening



# CECIL BEATON'S GUY FAWKES GUESTS



THE HON. MRS. BRYAN GUINNESS  
ADOPTED SAINTLY DISGUISE



LADY CASTLEROSSE  
AND MR. MESSEL



LADY MELCHETT AS AN ANGEL AND MR. RANDOLPH  
CHURCHILL AS LADY MELCHETT



LORD DONEGALL AND MR. ALEXANDER  
THOUGHT IT A SPLENDID PARTY

Whether or no the Hon. Mrs. Bryan Guinness had any justification for choosing a halo to suggest her particular opposite, she looked very delightful in saintly disguise. Lady Melchett, as an angel, had had much the same idea, but history does not relate what she thought of Mr. Randolph Churchill as Lady Melchett! There were two Dietrichs, Lady Morvyth Benson and Lady Dufferin having both picked on the lovely Marlene as their antithesis. After dancing and a cabaret (in which Mr. Oliver Messel and Mr. Beaton featured), everyone made a sortie to attend to the burning of a vast Guy Fawkes bonfire



WOULD-BE BERNARD SHAW ADMIRES THE  
MARLENE DIETRICH OF LADY DUFFERIN





Roya, Paris

## POSSESSING THE GIFT OF TONGUES

Daisy Sands, who sings delightfully in four languages, has recently signed cabaret contracts which will take her to Berlin, Paris, and London. She played in "Viktoria and Her Hussar," when it was given at the Rotter Theatre, Berlin, and has also appeared in a Spanish talkie

**T**RÈS CHER,—Music hath charm, we are told, to soothe the savage beast! Perhaps! But the graphic arts, if I may be allowed the expression, seem to have an opposite effect. There was a wonderful set-to, that finished up at the police station the other afternoon, between four well-known artists who were displeased at the manner in which they had been "hung" at the Salon d'Automne. Marvellous to have so much energy! The desire for precedence, whether on the walls of the Salon or on the playbills of a theatre or a concert hall, seems to be one of the main preoccupations of that temperamental body of human beings known as "artists"! None of them seem to realise how little the public cares, and the utter unimportance to the Man-in-the-Street, whether the mummer's name is in "electrics" outside the theatre or smaller than the printer's signature on the posters; by the same token, a good picture will draw the public's notice whether it be skied or "on the line"!

Anyway, the Salon this year is one of the most interesting I have struck for a long time . . . if only for the reason that, to the four thousand odd pictures we have been required to admire of recent years, there are but a few over two thousand this time . . . and this, to say the least, is restful. I am not sure whether the reason of this diminution is that the jury have been harder to please, or whether, in these hard times, fewer artists have been able to afford the eighty francs fee that they must pay on each exhibit. The Salon d'Automne, more than any other, allows one to realise the progress of the modern schools, or rather, perhaps, the effect of that progress on the public. Personally I find, as a unit amongst the crowd, that we are bearing up nicely, but this is a profane remark, and no doubt it would be better to say that we are becoming more educated. As usual, I marathon-ed through the rooms, only stopping when I was particularly smitten . . . or stunned. Both terms apply to the feeling aroused in my buzzum by Charlemagne-Paul to his girl friends, but a name like that needs no distinguishing tab—for his virile picture of "Peasants," a gorgeous bluey-sepia-y affair that is very arresting; and I could live quite comfortably with his "Magnolias" on my wall.

Madeleine Luka is, I am told, an "arrived" artist . . . which is rather a relief . . . one knows the worst. Her plump, blonde "Edith," in a skin-tight and very Virgin Mary-ish blue frock, is very much appreciated by them as likes that sort of thing, but it takes me all my time to wonder, how she gets the oil paint on so that it looks like water-colour; so smooth and transparent and, somehow, genteel! I made quite a longish halt in front of a "head" by Van Dongen;

## IN PARIS

his model being a gingernut, such as he loves; he calls her "La Rousse." As always, he aggravates me because he invariably gives me the feeling that any child, with a red-hot poker, could get the same effect on the nursery door . . . and yet I know this feeling is wrong. Uncomfortable! I fell quite hard for a Russian, one Terechkovitch, who gives us an eight-foot by four imitation of Toulouse-Lautrec. "La Belle Renelli" is a life-sized portrait of a French cancan dancer, whose legs must give poor Mistinguett a sensation of weariness. He makes the sartorial mistake, however, of frilling her petticoats in the correct 1880 manner, but adding black lace panties and suspenders à la Marlene Dietrich in *The Blue Angel*.

Kisling exhibits a whacking great nude: very luminous and all that, but rather tiresome after the first glance. John A. Watson's "Impression des Boulevards" and "Place d'Une Petite Ville de Province" are two really attractive and well-balanced studies. This young Englishman's work is slowly but surely gaining recognition in this country, and the critics have much to say that is flattering about his pictures. André Lhote—who is the leader of the "sensible" or "expressive" Cubist school as opposed to the "theorists," and a wonderful colourist—exhibits two remarkable studies of the Fair and a shooting-gallery at the Foire de Neuilly, also a *paysage baroque*, a landscape of which the cleverness is apparent even to such uninitiated eyes as mine.

After all this, feeling in need of sustenance—for the Grand Palais is, to say the least, chilly—I went to the new publet that has just opened in the Rue Daunou: "Robinson." It is an exact replica of the famous rustic eating-place of that name just outside Paris. Trees with autumn foliage rise to the ceiling, which is cleverly camouflaged as an autumn sky. Rustic arbours line the room, and several of these, built up in the trees, have to be reached by tiny winding stairs. Birds twitter, and one hears the sound of rippling streams, while a golden light filtering through the foliage is most convincing of sunlight. A very delightful place these dreary November days either for lunch or dinner, and one can dance there in the afternoon and at night after the play.

PRISCILLA.



MLLE. ANDRÉE DUCRET

The owner of lovely dimples and lovely legs, Mlle. Ducret only adventured into filmland a short time ago, but directors soon began to sit up and take notice of her. She is appearing in "Jour de Vacances"—some holiday!



## SCREEN LOVELIES



LILI DAMITA



NORMA SHEARER



JULIE SUEDO

Bacon averred that a picture cannot express the best part of beauty. Possibly not, in the 16th century, but how about the screen lovelies of to-day, whose features provide a perpetual delight for film fans? That glorious creature, Norma Shearer, is obviously included in this category. She has lately been concerned in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture version of Eugene O'Neill's arresting play, "Strange Interlude." Lili Damita is also extra easy to look at, and consequently does not have much spare time at the First National Studio. But on this particular occasion she had seized a moment or two for dog-bathing purposes. Having made her film name as a dancer, it will be remembered that last year she discarded her cabaret methods to make a success as the tragic heroine of "Madame Julie." The possessor of a perfect figure and a genius for lovely poses, Julie Suedo is deservedly popular as a dancer both on the stage and screen. She is to give expression to her terpsichorean art as "Paulina" in "Yes, Mr. Brown," Jack Buchanan's new film now in the making.



## ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By ALAN BOTT

*The Horrors of Peace*

WHITE TO MOVE AND NOT MATE: TANTRUMS BY FLORA ROBSON, STONY STARE BY CEDRIC HARDWICKE

MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S new play at the Globe has been tied by the Press to a catchword label—"The Journey's End of the Peace." The phrase, if taken seriously, would need testing from life as well as from the theatre.

During his intervals from the Riviera, this most observant of playwrights has noted war-hammered groups in the countryside, and found them tragically placed.

*For Services Rendered* is good drama, but I maintain that Mr. Maugham, after introducing us to authentic people, piles on so much agony and ironic fury against the War that his early realism vanishes. He is an artist in people; but it is in his artistic nature to find the flowers of ill in every human garden. One of the characters in this play is described, with apt sarcasm, as "a wonderful fellow—always looks on the bright side of things." Mr. Maugham's rich, probing mind habitually looks for the dark side.

A Paul Shelving perspective of rural houses is background for the middle-class Ardsleys and their visitors. Unhappy circumstance corrodes eight of the eleven of them, and six of the eight carry grievance like a cross. Sydney Ardsley has been blind for fifteen years, and has learned that the rôle does not ennoble, but makes a man artful and selfish. He deliberately uses for his comfort those who are willing to be sacrificed, but does not bother those who are unwilling. He recognises that looking after a wounded hero was first an exaltation, then a matter of course, and then a damned bore. He moves around with a stick, does

tattooing with wool, and nags the spinster sister who is his own and everybody else's drudge.

Eva, the drudge, hates the War less because it killed her man than because its aftermath gives her no chance to replace him. With her nature unbalanced by a thwarted longing to mate, she has fastened hope upon an axed naval officer, who sunk his £1000 gratuity in the local garage. Loathing chess, she must forever play it with the blinded brother; and loathing loneliness, her nearness to hysteria keeps her apart from the family.

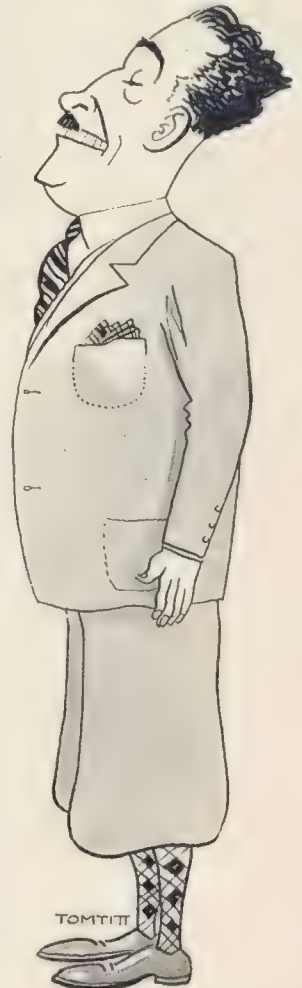
Ethel, another sister, made a war marriage with a farmer in officer's uniform, who rises at six to milk the cows, and thereafter drinks himself into the animal outlook of his own livestock. She wears martyrdom faintly, and excuses the husband's burial of her happiness by arguing that he would have been better if married to somebody more like herself.

The grievance of Lois, a third daughter, is not the War, but the monotony of a small country town, in which the marriage market during the depression is as dead as the market in pigs. She has the normal selfishness of youth; and before her are older examples of how not to be demoralised.

Collie, from the Navy, has commanded a destroyer, but cannot make his small garage pay. He is such a babe in the financial wood that when insolvent he issues post-dated cheques. How, he asks, should he know?—he is a naval officer pushed off, after twenty years' service with the D.S.O. but no civilian training (sailors may not care, but I have yet to meet one with this much of innocence). So he is due for arrest. An elderly profiteer will not rescue Collie by advancing £200; but because he is gripped by a youth-renewing passion for Lois, he finds pleasure in spending hundreds on a pearl necklace, even though, to have the girl accept it, he must pretend that the pearls are imitation. Add furious jealousy



MEDICO: DAVID HAWTHORNE



PROFITEER: S. J. WARMINGTON



from the profiteer's wife, sensual approaches to Lois from Ethel's farmer-husband, and a vague illness for old Mrs. Ardsley, and the stage is well set for horrid climax.

Thus far, plausible people have used convincing dialogue (except for the difficult mouthful about Collie's stumer cheques) to explain their instincts, motives, and resentments. Then, in the third Act, Mr. Maugham sticks up his characters, like nine-pins, to be bowled over by tragedy that is overwhelmingly in the plural.

Collie, as a self-conscious gentleman, has declined money and marriage from Eva; he prefers to shoot himself. Eva has hysterics and loses her reason. Lois decides to escape by running off with the profiteer. Further hysterics from the profiteer's wife. Mrs. Ardsley hears that she has only a few months to live. She has declined a perilous operation which at best would leave her a permanent invalid; she will "call it a day." And she will not use her death sentence as emotional blackmail to stop the elopement of Lois. As the only major character permitted to be on the side of the angels, she is useful for contrast. Her infliction with cancer, which does not help the dramatist's theme, seems gratuitous, or even sadistic. A single tragedy, with its complications left in the air, might have been more poignant than the holocaust of unhappy events that strew the Ardsleys' drawing-room like the dead bodies in *Hamlet*.

It is the blind man's function to deliver, with cold anger, Mr. Maugham's indictment of the War. He and his kind were sacrificed to the vanity of incompetent fools who rule the nation, and who, before they have finished, will muddle us into another war. If that happens, he will go into the street and warn others against being made dupes like himself; he will tell them that their exaltation is bunk. (What if it is bunk? the drunken farmer



DRUNKARD'S DESIRE: W. CRONIN-WILSON, MARJORIE MARS

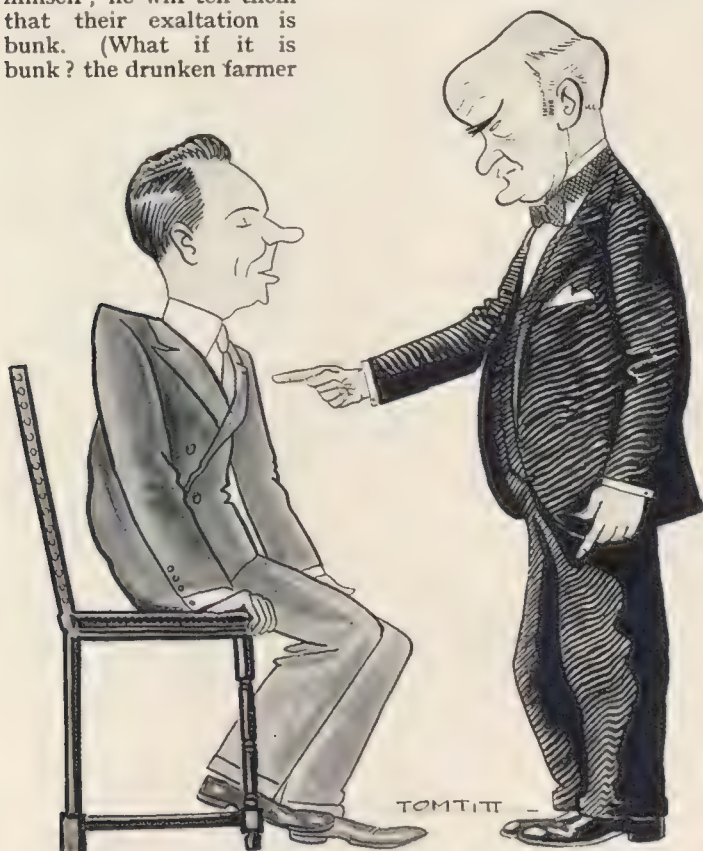
in the play asks. The war gave him the time of his life, when everything on the home-front excited, and he could lead all the girls he wanted up the garden path; it was a sad day for this particular hero when the Armistice was signed.)

The last word but one is with Ardsley père, the obtuse optimist of the piece. He holds that we have nothing grave to worry over; that we are turning the corner at last; and that Collie's suicide may have been the best way out, since he would have disgraced his former uniform. He was a good naval officer, but not a business man, and that was all to it. "Why not," the blind man asks, "put that on his tombstone?"—a lightning-flash line that is nearly as biting as the last curtain, which falls on cracked Eva singing "God Save the King" amid the broken teacups.

A brilliant economy in dialogue, stagecraft, and performance go with the extravagance in disaster. Emotional effects are obtained by indirect simplicity; as when the blind son (done by Cedric Hardwicke with ruthless calm and a haunting stare), having overheard his mother's doom, rises to kiss her on the forehead, and is gently asked to ring for tea.

Most of the well-cast company contribute portraiture that is vital and true, with particular reference to Louise Hampton for the old lady, W. Cronin-Wilson as the sensualist, S. J. Warrington as the profiteer, Marjorie Mars as Lois, and Diana Hamilton for her deliberately dim Ethel (a difficult part finely overcome.) I hope that Flora Robson, who makes Eva pathetic most of the time, is not destined to act a succession of spinsters addicted to tantrums; and that, if she is so destined, she will make the hysterics rather less epileptic. C. V. France is comfortably at home as Ardsley, the solicitor of set ways who looks on the bright side through rigid spectacles.

*For Services Rendered* is the bitterest play done in London for many years. It is, however, high drama, despite a last act that seems to dive into distortion for its argument that all over England, France, and Germany there are post-war families like the one presented. Dramatic exaggeration has turned this argument into the thing that is not.



WARNING OF ARREST: RALPH RICHARDSON, AND C. V. FRANCE



A COLD DOUCHE ON JEALOUSY: LOUISE HAMPTON, MARDA VANNE



## FEATURING FOXHUNTERS



THE RUFFORD AT KIRKLINGTON HALL: A PRESENTATION OCCASION

Howard Barrett

When the Rufford met recently at Kirklington Hall, the home of Lady Robinson, a presentation by members of the Hunt was made to the Joint Master, Colonel R. Thompson, on the occasion of his marriage to Mrs. Firth. In this group are (in front): Lord Titchfield (the other Joint Master), Lady Titchfield, Lady Robinson, Mrs. Firth and her children, Colonel Thompson, and a lady whose name was not signalled. Included behind are Mr. Clegg, Mrs. H. Sherbrooke, Mr. Ward, Mr. V. Laurie, Miss Farr, Mr. B. Ringrose, Miss Beckett, Mr. Beckett, the Rev. J. C. Walker, Air-Marshal Sir R. Brooke-Popham, Captain H. G. Sherbrooke, Mrs. Hunter, Captain Hunter, M.P., Miss Higgs, Mrs. McCraith, Miss Neilson and Mr. H. Peake



AT THE OPENING MEET OF THE CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM, AT KNEPP CASTLE

Mr. Walter and the Hon. Mrs. Burrell were at home to the Crawley and Horsham when they met at Knepp Castle. Sir Merrik Burrell's elder son married Lord and Lady Denman's only daughter, last year

Lady North has a word with Mrs. Weber Brown before going to look for her horse. Lord Guilford's daughter-in-law was Miss Joan Burrell before her marriage, which took place five years ago

Miss Cayzer and Lord Ratendone were two more of the many personalities who attended the Crawley and Horsham's opening fixture. Lord Ratendone, the only son of the Viceroy of India, is known to his friends as "Nigs"





BY APPOINTMENT



BY APPOINTMENT



*In a Class by Itself*

C.F.H.





## THE EMPIRE

By Gordon L.

284—285





## EMPIRE BUILDERS

*Gordon Nicoll*



HIS OLD SHIP BY A. D. MC CORMICK R.I.



*Player's  
Please*





## TAKING EXERCISE



LADY AMHERST OF HACKNEY, COLONEL ROYCE-TOMKIN, MRS. RAMSEY AND MAJOR E. L. B. LAKE AT THE SUFFOLK HUNT BALL



MORE HUNT - BALLERS: MISS GRAHAM HUTCHINSON, MR. WHITWORTH, MISS JEAN COMBE AND MR. BOBBIE RUMBOLD



The Suffolk claim the distinction this year of opening the Hunt Ball season, having held theirs at the Athenæum, Bury St. Edmunds, on the eve of the official start of their hunting operations. The Embassy band was in attendance, and nearly 300 people, some of whom are seen in these two top pictures, supported the occasion. Colonel Royce-Tomkin's wife was one of a feminine committee of three which dealt with the good arrangements. Lady Amherst is the mother of the present Lord Amherst of Hackney, a Suffolk landowner



Truman Howell

Howard Barrett  
PATRICK FILMER-SANKEY, LADY  
URSULA FILMER-SANKEY AND MR.  
ARTHUR LUMB

LADY LECONFIELD WITH  
LORD COWDRAY, M.F.H.

LEFT: LADY ANNE AND LADY JOAN BRIDGEMAN  
AND PREBENDARY ERNEST BRIDGEMAN

RIGHT: THE HON. MRS. SOMERSET-MAXWELL  
AND MRS. JOHN VAUGHAN AT KIRBY GATE

The four snapshots above were all taken at opening meets. Patrick Filmer-Sankey, the sporting young son of the Joint Master of the South Notts, had his mother, Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey, to keep an eye on him when they got going from Holly Lodge. The Cowdray, of which Lord Cowdray is Joint Master with his brother, the Hon. Clive Pearson, opened, according to custom, with a meet at Cowdray Park, while the Albrighton started their season at Weston Hall. Lady Anne and Lady Joan Bridgeman, the younger daughters of Lord and Lady Bradford, attended this fixture. No opening meet can rival the Quorn's Kirby Gate gathering in popular favour; it is a unique function which has to be seen to be believed





## THE CAMERA IN INDIA AND AT HOME



THE VICEREGAL VISIT TO POONA: A GROUP AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE

A photograph taken last month, when H.E. Lord Willingdon and Lady Willingdon were staying with H.E. the Governor of Bombay, Major-General Sir Frederick Sykes. In front are: Lady Shannon, Mr. Mievile, Mrs. Walwyn, H.E. the Viceroy, H.E. the Governor, Lady Willingdon, Rear-Admiral Walwyn, Mrs. Scott and Sir Reginald Spence. Centre row: Hon. Lieut. Natha Singh, Lord Shannon, Mrs. Crichton, Flight-Lieut. Hall, Mr. Hill, Mr. Henson, Mr. Abercombe, Mr. Morland, Flying Officer Watson and Jemadar Mahomed Hussein Khan. Behind: Lt.-Commander Elliot, Capt. Crichton, Capt. Atherton, Flight-Lieut. MacDonald, Major Scott, Mr. Gould, Hon. Lieut. Rao Bahadur Lakhpat Singh, Capt. Morrison, Major Vaux and Captain Alms.

FOOTING IT WITH THE COTTESMORE:  
LADY MOIRA COMBE AND HER DAUGHTEROX. AND BUCKS: BREVET LIEUT.-COL.  
R. J. BRETT AND MR. J. P. A. GRAHAMAT HURST PARK: LORD HOPETOUN, LADY  
SUSAN EGERTON AND LORD BRACKLEY

Though lovely Lady Moira Combe does not hunt herself, she enjoys attending any meet that comes her way. She is seen here with her only daughter, Audrey, watching the march of Cottesmore events. Brevet Lieut.-Col. Brett is the popular O.C. of the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry Depot, which is at Cowley Barracks, Oxford. Mr. J. P. A. Graham, one of his officers and a particularly fine horseman, owns "Larc," on which he won many point to points and a £500 steeplechase last season. Both Colonel Brett and Mr. Graham hunt regularly with the South Oxfordshire. Lady Susan Egerton, her brother, Lord Brackley, and Lord and Lady Linlithgow's elder twin son, Lord Hopetoun, were among those who found a fine Saturday's racing at Hurst Park quite pleasant entertainment.





## A PEDLAR OF DREAMS

Miss Beatrice Harrison,  
the celebrated 'cellist

*Portraits by Dorothy Wilding*



It was certainly a case of hail 'cello, well met! when Miss Beatrice Harrison decided, at a very early age, to become a musician. Later she studied in Berlin, and was the first 'cellist and youngest student to win the Felix Mendelssohn Prize. Since then her fame has spread far and wide, and even the nightingales know her. Miss Harrison is interrupting her present recital tour in Holland to play at Seaford House on November 25, in aid of the Actors' Church Union





LADY BECTIVE AND HER CHILDREN IN CO. CAVAN

These two pictures come from Virginia Park, the Irish home of Lord Bective and his wife, who was the widow of Sir Rupert Clarke when she married Lord and Lady Headfort's elder son. Lady Bective is seen above with Miss "Muffet" Clarke and Lady Olivia Taylour; on the right, eight-months-old Lord Kenlis is the centre of attraction. Lady Bective's elder son by her first marriage, Sir Rupert Clarke, succeeded in 1926. He has just gone to Eton, and his brother Ernest, alias "Nobbie," is destined for the Navy

A MAN'S car caught fire and was entirely destroyed. He went along at once to the insurance company with whom he had insured the car. He was given a form to fill up, and was told he could not get the money, but that the car would be replaced.

"Oh," said the man, his face falling a little, "if that's the way your company does business, you can give me back the premium I paid the other day on my wife's policy."

A very thin goalkeeper was annoyed by the attentions of a small dog during a football match. At last, in desperation, he turned and shouted to the spectators:

"Whoever owns this dog might call him off."

A voice from the crowd responded: "Come here, Rover. Them ain't bones—they's legs!"

"Once, when I was big-game hunting in Africa," related the notorious sponger, "a huge lion suddenly leapt out of the jungle right in my path. I had no gun with me, so I quickly picked up some yures and threw them in his face."

"What's yures?" queried the unsuspecting victim.

"Oh, thanks," replied the other; "mine's a large whisky and soda."

At a big wedding, one of the ushers was a well-known cricketer, who performed his unaccustomed duties in a conscientious manner. When a party entered the church and stood uncertainly at the door, the usher went towards them politely and whispered:

"There are some nice seats around mid-off."

## Bubble and Squeak

"I must see your husband!" snapped the rent-collector to the lady who opened the door. "Is he in?"

"No," said the woman, "he's not."

"But I can see his shadow," he exclaimed.

"Yes," was the smiling reply, "but it is only his shadow."

A customer sent the following note to her grocer: "Please send six dozen eggs; if good, I will send you cheque."

The grocer, however, was a cautious man, so he replied:

"Please send cheque; if good, I will send six dozen eggs."

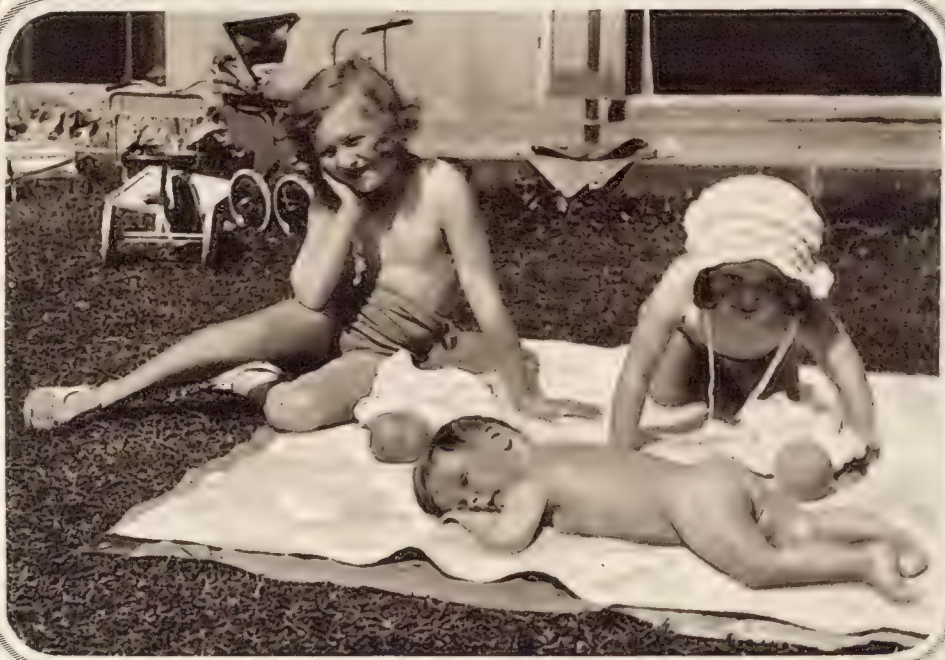
"Mummy," came the voice of a little girl.

"Yes, dear?"

"You know that vase that you said had been handed down from generation to generation?"

"Yes?"

"Well, this generation has dropped it!"



LORD KENLIS HAS A SUN-BATH

A distinguished Polish actress who was present at a fashionable party in New York was asked to recite in her native language. The lady was willing, but could not recollect anything suitable for the occasion. At last, however, having an inspiration, she commenced, and by the emotional use of her voice soon had many of her audience moved almost to tears.

"That was a marvellous recitation," said her hostess afterwards, "but what was it?"

"It was the Polish alphabet," replied the actress.

A small boy dashed up to a policeman. "Oh, come quickly!" he cried. "A man has been fighting my father for over an hour!"

The policeman started to run. "But why didn't you call me sooner?" he asked the child.

"Oh, father was getting the best of it till a minute or two ago!" was the reply.

Mary had just returned from her day out. "Where did you go with your mother, Mary?" asked her mistress.

"Oh," said Mary, "we went to Madame Tussaud's, ma'am. We always go there when mother comes to town. You see, it's so interesting for us, uncle being there in the Chamber of 'Orrors."



# THE DAYS



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**TUESDAY**...Don't you feel wonderful after that Bath of yesterday? But you can't have another today. You'll have to wait until tomorrow. Why not try something else? A regular campaign for the battle against time. The Vienna Mask...have you had one made yet? With all of its recent improvements, it has become a more marvelous treatment than ever. Here, in these days of doubtful value, lies a sound investment.

**WEDNESDAY**...What an inducement to get up and out...your Ardena Bath is waiting for you! You leave it lighter and cleaner within and without. How about a heavenly Tie-Up Treatment while you're in the Salon? You can fairly watch your chin go up and tired muscles disappear. There are so many lovely things to do with yourself...a week is so short...don't waste a day.

**THURSDAY**...No; no Bath, but you may have a lovely massage, and let the friendly insistence of the Giant Roller work on all those insidious rolls of fat that are so perceptible when dancing! The Bath has weakened them! And, oh, of course, a Treatment while you're there for the texture of your skin must not be neglected!

**FRIDAY**...Bath day again. You didn't realize, did you, how insidious that passion for those baths was going to be? That hour a day in the Salon has become a game. What are you going to win? Greater slenderness...fresher beauty...revived circulation...every card is a winning card in the game you are playing. Today you are trying an Egg-And-Oil Masque...what a revelation!

**SATURDAY**...It seems a pity the week is gone. The fascinating game of watching Time roll back is nearly over. Never mind...every week brings the renewal...fresh cards...and renewed winnings. Off to the Salon...another Vienna Mask Treatment...a glance at the latest, loveliest rouges...the decision to try a new one...and the thrill of another YOU...the same, yet different.

**SUNDAY**...The awakening...no salon to go to...but your own refreshing Home Treatment, learned in consultation with the Arden expert...and then time to think. And the joy of knowing that for you the past week has meant the clock set back...a week gained, not lost. Safe insurance for the wealth of Beauty which is your right in life.



# AIR EDDIES

✻ By OLIVER STEWART

## Paris Show.

A VISIT to a Paris dress show might lead to the conclusion that it is not manners but mannequins that maketh man—and woman; and the Paris aeronautical Salon suggests that the only alternative is that mechanism maketh man. When the type of machine is known, so will be the type of people who congregate round it. At the Paris Salon, which opens on Friday the 18th, and continues for a little over two weeks, the aeronautical authorities and near-authorities of many countries will be present in one vast proletaeronautical community to collect and to inspect. In Paris, during the Show period, the earth-bound aircraft will be in the ascendant. It will be polished and arranged on its stand, a mechanical transport mannequin showing off the latest styles. But, unlike the dress shows, the aircraft are not there to be looked at, but to be walked round and talked about, and, in the case of the really important personalities in the aviation world, to be leant against. The show aircraft are the rallying points of a great and greater cause, and they will help to consolidate aeronautical opinion and to cement friendships.

That a certain amount of business will be done at the Salon is certain, but it is the incidentals that are of the more permanent value. There is urgent need for the peoples of the different countries to speak with one voice in demanding air communications; for politicians and pacifists are standing in the way of development. The pacifists rightly believe that by stopping aviation altogether the horrors of aerial warfare can also be stopped, but they forget that the benefits of quick communications will be stopped at the same time. It is the old story of the equal and opposite reactions. The constructive policy, as I have said more than once, is to concentrate upon civil aviation and to encourage it in every possible way, and so gradually to transfer the emphasis from the military side to the commercial side.

## Turning Heights.

A rule more honoured in the breach than in the observance is that against turning back to the aerodrome when the engine fails during the take-off. From the moment they get into an aeroplane, pilots are taught the never-turn-back

rule. It is hammered into them from all sides, and they are warned that if they attempt to turn back to the aerodrome if their engine fails while taking off they will spin into the ground and be killed. As a matter of fact it is not true. Experienced pilots often do turn back if their engine fails when taking off, and they often do succeed in landing down-wind without damaging themselves or their aircraft. I have seen it happen many times, and so have most people who have lived on aerodromes, and I have always heard the pilot congratulated upon his skill, and the manoeuvre characterised as a "good show."

It is time that the teaching of the never-turn-back rule was

abandoned. The rule that ought to be taught in its stead is this: "Never turn back to the aerodrome if the engine fails when taking off until after you have reached a height of 500 ft." At 500 ft. most aircraft can be turned far enough at normal gliding speed without engine to land down-wind or across-wind. Rough tests in a Moth showed that the 360 degrees turn could not be attempted with safety under about 850 ft. The 180 degrees turn can be made in about half that height, when adequate margins are allowed, and, as a generality, 500 ft. is probably the height to give. That not turning back has saved pilots from bad crashes on occasion I am ready to admit; but that is usually when they are getting out of very small fields or when the weather conditions make a down-wind landing extremely dangerous. It is clear that the never-turn-back rule applies when the ground ahead is suitable for a

forced landing, but in that event there is almost no temptation to turn back; it is when there are houses ahead that the risk occurs.

## Landing Lights.

The humble wing-tip flare has for a long time provided the sole emergency night-landing apparatus of the commercial and military aircraft in this country; but now, at last, landing lamps are permitted by the Air Ministry, provided that batteries are carried in the machine. The wing-tip flare cannot be used for finding a landing ground at night, because it only lasts for a limited time when once it has been ignited. Moreover it cannot be used satisfactorily for warning

(Continued on page xvi)



DISCUSSING TO-DAY'S AIR ACHIEVEMENTS: (AT TOP) MR. JIM MOLLISON AND LADY IRIS CAPEL, LORD ESSEX'S HALF-SISTER; (BELOW) KATHLEEN LADY DROGHEDA, MRS. MOLLISON AND SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

These two pictures were taken recently at the May Fair Hotel, when many noted exponents of fast travel on land and in the air dined together at the instigation of the Women's Automobile and Sports Association. Mrs. Mollison may have achieved fresh triumphs by the time these words appear in print, as at the time of writing she is all set for an attempt to equal or break her husband's England to Cape Town record. She is using a specially built Puss Moth, which is fitted with long-range petrol-tanks giving a flying range of 2,250 miles



EXTRACT FROM  
DAILY EXPRESS

SCOTLAND means many things to many people. To me, just back from the Highlands, it does not mean heather or tartans, grouse or bagpipes, rolled "r's" or sandy hair.

It means brass padlocks, any number of them. No one here in the south knows it, but the Highlands are under lock and key.

When I arrived on Speyside the other morning I expected to be impressed by the works of nature rather than by the works of man.

I was my first visit to the Scotland beyond Edinburgh and Glasgow. I was to see the mountains, the lochs, the rivers, the glens.

I had heard that the Scotch whisky was the best in the world, and I had heard that the Scotch people were the most hospitable in the world. I had heard that the Scotch people were the most hospitable in the world.

at the pre-war  
is to the post-war  
dross.

STOCKS MATURING

But whisky is best at ten years; it will keep up to fifteen; after that it is not worth drinking.

That is why the present setback in the Highlands will have one good result: the stocks are maturing as they have not matured before.

and that the Scots of the  
speak

Spey Royal  
Scotch Whisky  
IS all TEN  
years old and  
12'6

YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU GOT GILBEY'S





AT THE TARPORLEY HUNT SHOW

Mrs. Gilbert Cotton and the Duchess of Westminster talking to Captain J. Smith-Maxwell at a sporting fixture which Cheshire supported enthusiastically. The Duchess looked very trim in her corduroy "keeper's" jacket and lively bérêt

**T**HE hunting season now being upon us in real earnest, it is but natural that the question as to which are preferable: horses by day or mares by night, is bound to obtrude itself upon our notice.

It is a bit difficult to say which of these animals is the more calculated to cause nerve strain. So much depends on circumstances. Some day-horses people have ridden have been known to turn the darkest hair grey and put years on to their pilots' lives; night-mares often take more off their weight in a few moments of sub-consciousness than the best-advertised slimmer can hope to do in a month. As to which, the day-horse or the night-mare, can be more terrifying to even the bravest is a very open question. The day-horse, for instance, may forget that he was meant by nature to proceed on four legs, and may use either his fore ones or his hind ones, but never both pairs at the same time. He may believe that he has been suddenly changed into a crab, or a flea, or a grasshopper, or, on the other hand, that he is in the famous glades of Whipsnade, and bite not only everything within reach, but also his pilot's shin-bone; and he may also be convinced that the world is flat instead of round, and that if only he makes a sufficiently sturdy effort he can get to the edge, stop short, and shoot his rider into the bottomless void of space. All these things day-horses have done, and will continue to do so long as there are people who buy them with the assurance that they have "no vice," and that anything they may do of this description is "only play." Perhaps, however, on an all-round

LADY WARRENDER



Photo. Swaabe

GRACE BEFORE MEAT

Miss Ulrica Thynne, who was one of Leicestershire's Three Graces last season, supping with Mr. John Tollemache at the Café de Paris, where Lady Warrender was also to be found on that particular evening. Mr. Tollemache, a son of Colonel Edward Tollemache, is in the Coldstream. Miss Thynne is the only daughter of Colonel Ulric Thynne, of Muntham Court, Worthing

## Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

reckoning, the day-horse is no worse, and perhaps even a bit better, than the night-mare, an animal which inflicts the most atrocious tortures upon her victim.

**T**he night-mare, to take a recent case in point, has so arranged that her victim should arrive at a house hundreds of miles from his home and find that his Abigail, or, if he is opulent, his serving-man, has put two left boots into his hunting kit bag and has packed two pairs of white flannels (used for cricket) instead of two pairs of white breeches, suitable for the fox-hunt. The night-mare is quite capable of making the packer omit to unfold these garments before chucking them into the bag or receptacle. She will so arrange that the victim's host is a person who stands 6 ft. 2 ins. in his socks to the victim's 5 ft. 4 ins., so as to make borrowing completely out of the question, and she will also have arranged that the host shall have promised the victim the two best horses between Melton and Mombassa to ride the next morning. Is this, or is this not, worse than anything the day-horse can do?

Again, the night-mare's victim may have been saying something about how hard it is to get a living by racing, owing to the frequency with which horses have their heads pulled off. This evil witch will chuckle as the victim drops off into a fitful slumber on the eve before the chase, and hiss through her yellow pyorrhea'd fangs: "Bien, you swab! I will teach you to traduce the poor jockeys! Now you shall find out what it is like when a horse really has his head pulled off! Abracadabra! Black weasels and rats! Green toads and red spiders, foul shapes of dead cobras and buzzards, get busy!" That does it! The victim at once is bestride a horse that has seen a non-stop vaudeville performance; the pace is worse than anything they do in the Schneider Cup; there is a level crossing with the gates wide open just ahead: there is the "Flying Scotsman" advancing from the starboard bow and the "Wild Irishman" from the port bow, and they are going to pass at the level crossing: the petrified victim makes a last effort to get a pull at the brute which seems bent on a double murder: something gives! The horse's head comes clean off and lands on the victim's lap—but the horse goes on! There's a sickening thud! The bed-side lamp and table have fallen on to the floor and the victim awakes, claspings a hot-water bottle to his panting bosom. Now is there anything in it between the Day-horse and the Night-mare! Hardly anything, I should say, but privately I know quite well which I would rather tackle. You, however, can take your choice (Continued on page viii)



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# Don't be vague—ask for Haig

ON THE TRAIN

IN THE AIR

AT THE THEATRE

FOR THE HOME

IN THE CLUB

ON BOARD SHIP

JOHN HAIG & CO. LTD.  
Owing Haig & Haig Ltd.  
MARKINCH SCOTLAND  
GOLD LABEL  
LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

John Haig & Co. Ltd.  
Gold Label Scotch Whisky

**NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE**





"Coming quietly?" said  
Wade of the Yard

## Far Above Rubies

By HAL PINK

(Another "Helen Waldron" Story)

MISS HELEN WALDRON, attired with that simplicity of dress which, strangely enough, is so costly to attain.

beautifully shod, and crowned with a neat canary-yellow cloche hat, which enhanced the charm of her oval face, stepped from the taxi-cab on to the pavement of Fleet Street, London.

As she was paying the driver —

"Well, well, well," murmured a deep voice, an attractive masculine voice with a hint of amusement in it. "Here she is again."

Miss Waldron turned and looked into the smiling grey eyes of Wade, designated on the pay-roll of New Scotland Yard as a "detective patrol."

"Oh, hello, Wade." She flashed him her most dazzling smile.

"Looking for something you've lost—diamonds, for instance?" suggested Wade, banteringly.

As though it was the best joke in the world, the charming Miss Waldron gladdened Fleet Street with a delicious peal of laughter that caused the departing taxi-driver to crane his head ecstatically, so that he nearly killed a passing pedestrian—but she could as cheerfully have murdered him. Wade knew her for one of the cleverest Society crooks in London, and although he had never actually caught her in the act, on one notable occasion he had foiled her attempt to steal the famous diamond tiara of Lady Adele Willson-Carew.

"No—just enjoying the sunshine." With a cool nod she swept past him and turned down Middle Temple Lane.

Wade stared after her. "Enjoying the sunshine, eh? Probably making a little hay while the sun shines, too, as the old proverb says."

The charming Miss Waldron made a detour to escape his watchful eyes, and eventually entered a narrow doorway that led to a suite of offices tenanted by one A. J. Smith—if the name-plate on the door was to be believed.

A. J. Smith himself was waiting to receive her—a happy little man with a face like a cherub seen through a magnifying glass, and a trick of singing fragments of the more popular hymns. It was a characteristic trait of his that big business ever lent a smack of the Scriptures to his remarks.

Work for the night is coming,  
Work for the day is done,

sang A. J. Smith softly, as he ushered his visitor into an inner sanctum and carefully closed the door.

A fat man with a beady eye and a blue jowl rose from an armchair in the far corner, at their entrance.

"'Work for the night is coming,' eh, A. J.?" smiled Helen Waldron. "What's that—a hint of a job for me?"

He of the enlarged cherubic countenance beamed upon her paternally.

He looked exactly like a provincial mayor about to present prizes at a Sunday school. What he did, however, was to present the blue-jowled man—"Miss Waldron—meet Mr. Schultz. Mr. Schultz—Miss Waldron."

Miss Waldron smiled. Mr. Schultz bowed. He said he was pleased to meet the lady of whom he had heard so much.

Miss Waldron fluttered her eyelids modestly and looked demure. A. J. Smith beamed upon them both.

Without preamble Mr. Schultz got down to business.

"Miss Waldron, I'm over from the United States on behalf of a wealthy client, a very wealthy client. He is a collector, and he is extremely anxious to make an addition to his collection."

"What does the gentleman collect?" inquired Miss Waldron sweetly.

"Rubies," said Schultz. "He has the biggest collection in the world; but, as I say, he wishes to make an addition. He is after a particularly fine set of rubies —"

"Which, alas, money cannot buy," murmured A. J. Smith, twiddling his little fat thumbs and looking at the ceiling.

"They are called the Marton Rubies," said Schultz. "Lady Sybil Marton —"

"The Marton Rubies!" Miss Waldron flashed him a lightning glance.

"You know her, don't you?" inquired Schultz.

"I do; very well." Quietly—"A very charming hostess."

"Well, it's the Marton Rubies he wants. He's already offered astounding money, but for some fool reason the Martons won't part. It beats me entirely."

"The Marton Rubies are a treasured family heirloom," said Helen Waldron. "It is the tradition of the House of Marton that none but the wife of the Lord of Marton shall wear them. They have been passed on from mother to daughter for hundreds of years. The Martons are not impoverished, like most post-War ducal families. They have no need to sell."

"That's the snag!" snapped the beady-eyed Mr. Schultz. "My client wants them—wants them badly! And he's got fifty thousand bucks that speak the same argument."

"Fifty thousand dollars. Ten thousand pounds," said Miss Waldron, slowly. Then—"You wish me to steal the rubies?"

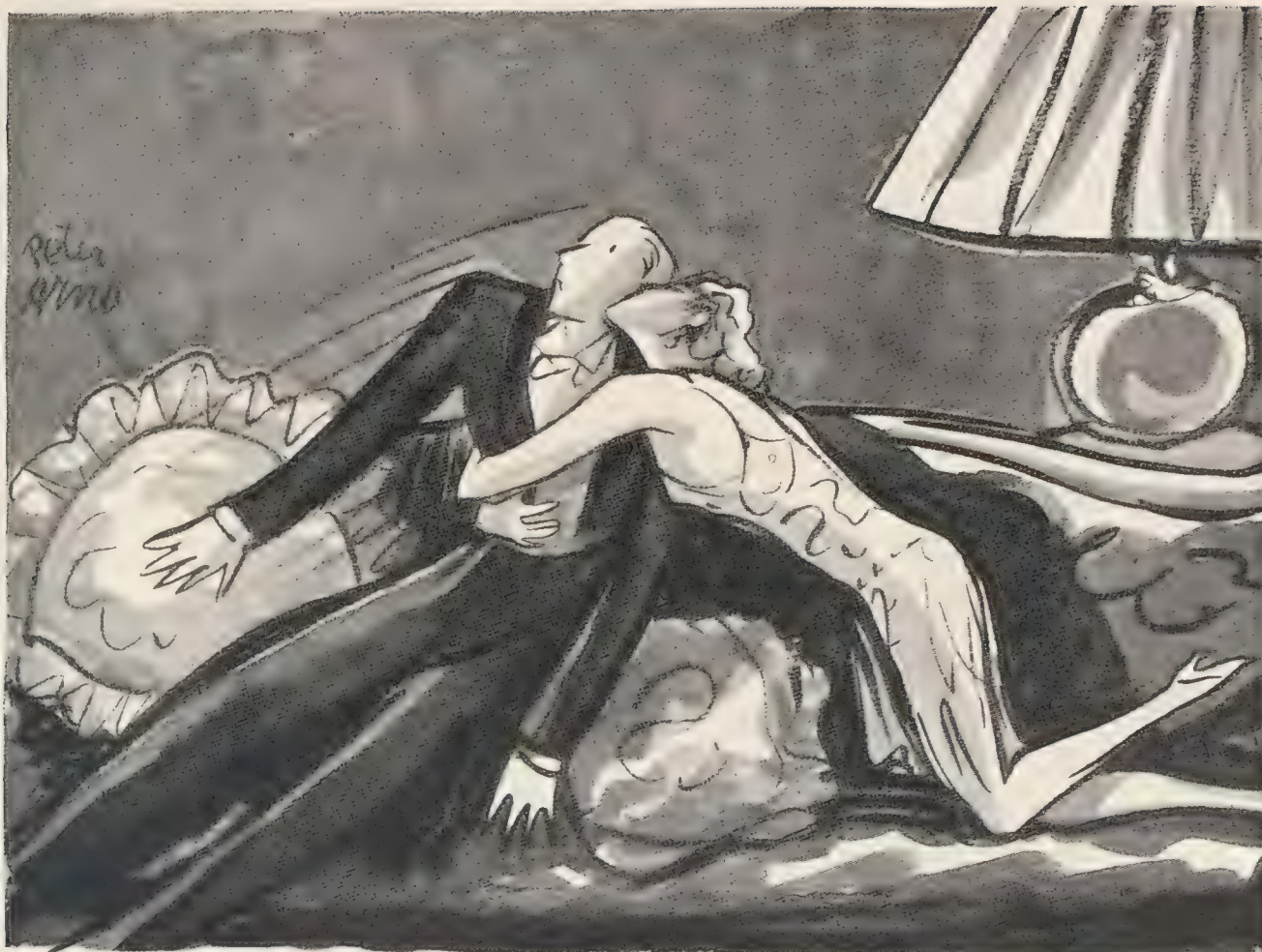
It was magnificently said.

Schultz looked uneasy. A. J. Smith fluttered his hands.

"Well"—Schultz cleared his throat—"without asking anybody to commit a felony, I'm letting you know that my client wants the rubies. Mr. Smith here said that you would be the most likely person to listen to me. I happen to know that the

(Continued on p. xiv.)





FROM PETER ARNO'S ORIGINAL SKETCH

*"Bother! I might have known it was fatal to give her Kayser stockings."*

# KAYSER

Clever women always choose Kayser. The cunning way those stockings are tailored makes the feminine leg look far slimmer than nature intended. The pure, clear silk bestows new charm—and fine as it is, you will find none that wears so well. From only 4/11.

Kayser Sansheen\*(adorably dull) from 6/11. Made throughout in Canada.

\* Trade Mark applied for

WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTOR: C. J. DAVIS, 3 PRINCE'S STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE, LONDON, W.1









**I** WOULD like to think that every woman who is at all concerned with her personal beauty has my little book constantly by her. In its pages I show you a real system, not a weary list of preparations, but a system. By following it, every woman can make the best of Art and Nature by combining the healthy virtues of a sweet and lovely skin with that sophisticated simplicity which is the motif of the modern woman.

\* \* \*

If you're lucky enough to be a dazzling beauty, you will learn how to keep and jealously protect your leadership without any of those tiny, tiny fears for the future. *Tu veilleras!* If you're just you, by no means the type of woman who makes the orchestra miss a beat when she enters a room, then you'll learn how to make that inwardly interesting "you" equally charming in external appeal. That is the solemn promise I make for this Testament of Beauty.

Like all the best alphabets, it begins at the beginning. Cleanliness, of course, comes first. Nature says so, and Cyclax humbly bows to that wise decree. The first swift touches of the little brush with which you paint my Special Lotion on to your face at night—they hint at the action that's going on underneath. Acids which have been nestling securely deep down in the pores of your skin for donkey's years, begin now to stir uncomfortably. They're reluctant to leave their warm, cosy hidden home, but really—something is drawing them out against their will. Deftly you paint on till the whole face is covered.



After a few minutes the first "coat" of Special Lotion is dry. You resume the good work with the brush, and now all the acid and dirt and unpleasantness in your pores has given up the unfair fight. Very demurely, your fingers caress the lotion, massaging it in.

Now you may ask your mirror its candid opinion. And remember, this is no more than the merest beginning of a new beauty—but what a charming beginning! Almost a make-up in itself, you'd say. And so to bed.

First thing in the morning your fingers will creep instinctively to that

little pot of Cyclax Skin Food. Just a sensible patting in to loosen the Special Lotion and the burden of badness that it is carrying away, and then you can wallow in your bath and the steam will help things along.

After your bath, take a tiny sponge, a dab of Cyclax soap—so pure, that it is fit for the petal-like body of the most princely babe—and this soap-and-water simple treatment washes away every tiniest fragment of what-should-not-be-there, and leaves your skin clear and clean. (By the way, you'll use rain water or distilled water from the chemists, please). A teaspoonful of Braceline in cold water for a final rinse. It's like the touch of mountain snow, all tingle, joyous and cold as cold.

Now you've earned a reward for your labours (but how long has all this taken—barely five minutes?) and so you let your fingers appreciate your skin, let them wander fondly and critically over your face.

There should be a penalty of "prison without the option" for anyone who dares to load so perfectly prepared a face with greasy and germ-attracting creams. It simply isn't contemplated. Cyclax liquid powder base is absolutely free from grease. Smooth it on gently, gently. It leaves the loveliest suspicion of powder, delicate as gossamer. Rouge next. Lastly, a feathery sweep of a swansdown puff.

Here is definitely the most ecstatic moment of your morning when you could dance for sheer joy and your vanity seems the most normal, natural and justifiable thing in the world. But appraise yourself. Yes, it's you who looks back at you from the mirror. Give yourself the sheer pleasure of staring and staring. With what calm and almost contemptuous confidence you can face the world when every sense approves of your appearance. "Confidence"—says the French philosopher—"confidence brings more to conversation than wit itself can bring."

Other days, other ways. Cyclax Special Lotion is suggested for use only once a week. A little Complexion Milk overnight will keep your skin in damask condition, with "cheeks as sweet as flowers." Cyclax Cleansing Lotion for cleaning during the day. Delicate

massage with skin food night and morning. And always that most important morning washing with purest soap and water. If ever a woman could luxuriously coax her skin back to debutante prettiness and purity, it is by the regular use of these common-sense Cyclax treatments.

\* \* \*

*And that is why I want you to write off for my Free Book "The Art of Being Lovely," before acids and hidden dirt can do a day's further damage.*

FRANCES HEMMING.

**Special Lotion**, five and sixpence, ten and sixpence, twenty shillings and thirty-eight shillings.

**Skin Foods** (four for different skins) four shillings and seven and sixpence, fifteen shillings and twenty-eight shillings.

**Soap** (a skin treatment in itself) tablets, three and sixpence; box of three, nine and sixpence.

**Braceline** (a teaspoonful in your rinsing water), four shillings, seven and sixpence, fifteen shillings.

**Powder Base** (liquid) "Blended Lotion" for greasy skins, "Sunburn Lotion" for dry skins, four and sixpence, eight and sixpence, sixteen shillings, and thirty shillings.

**Complexion Milk**—the gentlest of astringents, four shillings, seven and sixpence, fifteen shillings and twenty-eight shillings.

**Powder**—in seven shades, or Miss Hemming will blend it specially for you—three and sixpence, six and sixpence, and eight and sixpence.

*Cyclax preparations are made in my own laboratories in London.*

**cyclax**

CYCLAX, LTD.

58 SOUTH MOLTON STREET, LONDON, W.1



# the highway of fashion

By  
M. E.  
BROOKE



Models, Walpole



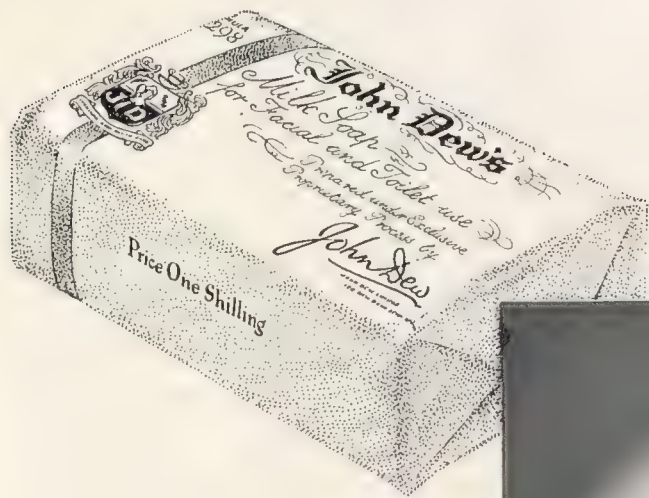
Pictures by Blake



THERE are many frocks at Walpole's, 89, New Bond Street, W.1, which proclaim their youth, like the evening affair above. The dress is carried out in white silk georgette, and as it is perfectly cut it has a slimming effect. The cape is of the same material; the colour, however, is a deep orange, and of it one may become the possessor for  $5\frac{1}{2}$  guineas. The black lace dress on the left is primarily destined for a rather older woman; it is innocent of sleeves, the corsage being arranged with a bolero effect. The coat is a separate affair, the sleeves being hemmed with white fur, and the cost is £6 6s. Another lace ensemble for 5 guineas has a rather deep shoulder cape edged with fur to harmonize

THE charm of white fur and macaw green ring velvet is shown in this evening coatee from Walpole's; the gauging on the sleeves and revers increases its charm, and the cost, well—it is 94s. 6d. Neither must it be overlooked that there are velvet shoulder cape coatees for 49s. 6d.; they are lined with silk and do indeed represent wonderful value. And a very special feature is being made of breakfast jackets suitable for Christmas presents. Some are trimmed with marabout and others with ribbon





# MAYFAIR INTRODUCES ITS OWN BEAUTY SOAP

*by John Dew of Bond Street.*

*Yesterday, Milady had no soap equal in breeding to her gowns, shoes and perfume. To-day, John Dew of Mayfair is making a soap, costly, it is true, but enfolding a beauty secret for which Society would have been willing to barter its jewels.*

*The name, John Dew's Milk Soap, reveals the secret. In it lies all the loveliness that famous beauties of long ago found by bathing in milk. Its creamy lather is gentle as a caress to the most fragile complexion; its fragrance, delicate and evanescent, retreats before the individuality of one's chosen perfume.*

★ ★ ★

*Sold by all high class chemists and stores. 1/- a tablet, 3/- per box of 3 tablets.*



## John Dew's

*Milk  
Soap*

Prepared under Exclusive  
Proprietary Process by

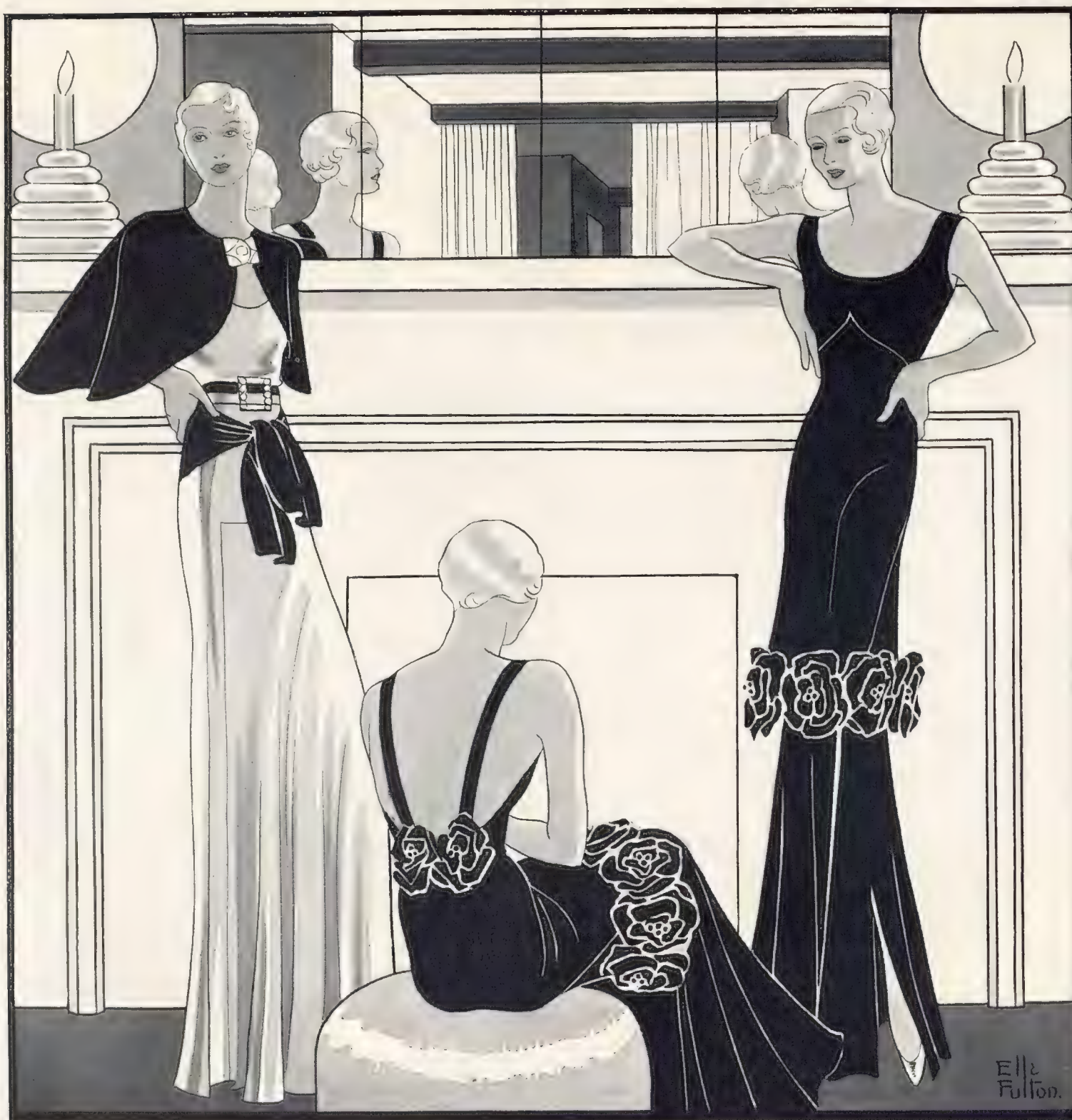
*John Dew.*

JOHN DEW LTD.,  
180, NEW BOND ST.,  
LONDON, W.1.





## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued



THE winter collection of fashions at Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, W. 1, demonstrates far-reaching research work, as it contains some of the most interesting and what will undoubtedly prove to be dresses that will enjoy great success throughout the Christmas and New Year festivities. It is in the model department that the modes pictured on this page may be seen. The affair on the left has a dress of rough pink crêpe. Now the pink is not an ordinary shade, but one that is in complete harmony with the raisin-tinted velvet coat. The latter is cut on decidedly new lines, the

cape has an extension at the back which comes well down over the hips, and is brought round to the front where it is loosely knotted. It is 14 guineas. The model on the right, of which two views are given, is 13 guineas, and is carried out in black ring velvet, and, as will be seen, flowers of the material are arranged to suggest a tunic, and are introduced at the base of the back. There is another department where day and evening dresses and their attendant wraps are available for a few pounds. Naturally the needs of children have been considered.



Photograph of  
 "CHARMAZON"  
 Skin-fit Conturette No. 515  
 in tea-rose "Vellastic"  
 with bust sections  
 of needle-run lace,  
 low-cut back,  
 and invisible  
 diaphragm control.  
 Price 5½ gns.  
 post free



STAND STOOP OR SIT—THE MORE  
 YOU BEND THE BETTER THEY FIT

A "CHARMAZON" Conturette  
 in the new "Vellastic" Fabric gives  
 sylph-like elegance to figures that have lost  
 their girlish slenderness because it fits like  
 a second skin, subtly seducing rebellious curves  
 into the flowing slenderlines that are the very  
 essence of the fashion. In front, side-to-side stretch  
 for slenderising control of hips and abdomen! At back, up-  
 and-down stretch for figure-conforming fit in every pose! See  
 yourself in a "CHARMAZON." Made in Britain for the discerning few

# Charmazon

IN THE SALONS OF

DERRY & TOMS · KENSINGTON HIGH STREET · W8



## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

## The Poise of the Ancient Greeks.

Undoubtedly fashion in dress and fashion in general tendencies are inseparably dovetailed together, and a sympathetic study must be made of them both. The grace and poise of the ancient Greeks are proverbial, nevertheless they never neglected the all-important task of assisting Nature. The women wore a mitra or girdle as well as a swathe or bandage round the breasts. During the Middle Ages corsets were nothing but instruments of torture, and in Victorian days they were tyrants, and now in the twentieth century the work of Marian Jacks, 30, Old Bond Street, W.1, must be considered.

## Frescoes of Greeks and Romans.

Like Josephine's dressmaker, Marian Jacks has studied the grace and beauty of the women of all ages, and has gone to the frescoes of the Greeks and Romans for inspiration. She has, in addition, mastered the anatomy and hygiene of the figure, therefore her specialities do not only control but bring into prominence the good points and cast a shadow over the less attractive lines. She contends—and with justice—that when a woman wears her garments she is able to assume any position with grace and elegance. It is not necessary to dwell on her surgical and post-operative work for damaged and delicate figures.

## Youth, not Age.

Most assuredly Marian Jacks may be likened to the Crusader of old who fought for his ideals and yet was astonished when he achieved them! For in her creation of Fairylastex brassières two ambitions are realized, viz. youth can retain its alluring slimness, and middle-age can recapture that allure and feeling of easy movement and well-being. Fairylastex is completely feminine, and this revolutionary designer just moulds this most wonderful novelty into every shape and form of brassière with exquisite effects, thereby rendering complete the belts and girdles of Youthlastic which mould and control and give youth instead of age lines to the well-dressed woman of to-day. Both are made of the new wonder thread, Lastex. All interested in the subject must write for the brochure, as it explains in the simplest manner possible the good work these garments really do perform.

## Coats for Winter Days.

Now that mid-November has arrived coats for the cold weather must be considered, and nowhere is there to be found a more representative collection than in the ready-to-wear department on the second floor of Jay's, Regent Street. They are responsible for the model illustrated; it is carried out in a new wool material, the weaving showing a self-knitting needle stripe, and the colour is almost a *tête de nègre*, but it is rather lighter than the shade that was known by that name a few seasons ago. The fox collar is dyed, and the price—well, it is 9½ guineas. Attention must be drawn to the check coats and skirts in a variety of colours for 6½ guineas; the coats are belted and the collars are of hair seal, and there are long coats to match.

## Many Interpretations of the Coster Cap.

There have been many interpretations of the coster's cap. It will be recalled that the original model had the peak converted into a blinker-like affair which prevented the wearer seeing anything on the right side. Fenwick's (63, New Bond Street) conception of these hats is delightful; it is carried out in stitched felt, with a jaunty little feather fantaisie in front, and it is only 29s. 6d.; sometimes a tartan fabric is used as well as velvet. It looks as well in the street as on the ice or links.

## "Furs of Distinction."

It really is a pleasure to study the illustrations in Debenham and Freebody's (Wigmore Street) book entitled "Furs of Distinction"; it will gladly be sent gratis and post free. The pictures represent furs of character, chosen by experts in the markets of the world and made up in the workrooms of the house by furriers of long experience.

Model, Jay's

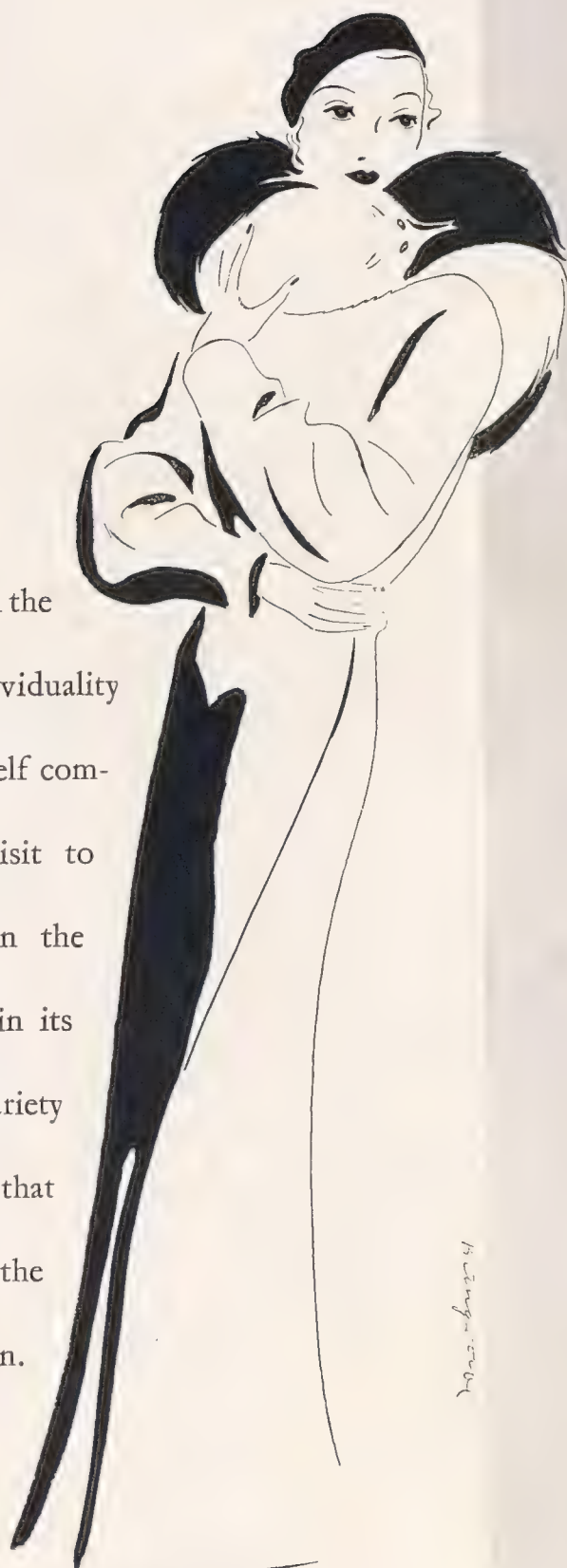
Picture by Blake

*This coat from the ready-to-wear department of Jay's, Regent Street, W.1, is cut on slender, smart lines and is carried out in a wool fabric woven with a knitting needle stripe in a new tête de nègre shade; the fox collar is dyed to tone*



*The  
mode in Furs  
for 1933  
at  
Revillon's now*

Individuality is still very much the mode—but it must be individuality *à la mode*. To realize yourself completely, you must pay a visit to 180 Regent Street. Here in the Revillon Collection is 1933 in its integrity; and such is the variety of the Revillon inspiration that you will quickly recognize the style that is your proper own.



The coat sketched here is of black crinkled velvet trimmed with a spiral collar of black and white fox  
39 guineas

*Revillon Frères*

AUTHENTIC FURS

180 REGENT STREET LONDON W.1

Paris

New York





# WINTER HAT [ELEGANCE]



AS a matter of fact there is nothing more difficult to choose than a hat, as it is essential that it be smart and at the same time becoming. Fashion and charm are invariably united in the models at Woollands, Knightsbridge, S.W.1. The trio pictured on this page have gone into residence there. The hat at the top of the page is of brown felt reinforced with slightly curled feathers; this introduces a decidedly feminine note. The beret turban in the centre is of velvet and may be copied in a variety of colours, and, of course, the veil may be chosen to suit the wearer. Two shades of pleated velvet are present in the model on the right; it is really more in the nature of a cap than a hat. It seems almost unnecessary to add that this firm have a special department for headgear for sports and country wear in general at moderate prices



Models, Woollands

Pictures by Blake



# Youthful Beauty—and the final touch

## FASHIONABLE MAKE-UP RECOMMENDED BY ELEANOR ADAIR

Specially tinted paste rouge made by Eleanor Adair to maintain that youthful glow.

GERANIUM  
PECHE  
AUTOMN

MAIDENS BLUSH  
BRIQUE  
ROSE DE SAADI

PRICES 2/6 and 4/6

Be sure to have your lip pencil to match your rouge. PRICE 3/6

For your handbag, Eleanor Adair's new Poudre Compact in attractive chromium cases fitted with her special powder in all shades.

PRICE 3/6

The new waterproof cosmetique, in Corbeau, Brown and Black. PRICE 4/6

**GANESH FACE POWDER.** A superfine powder in all shades.

PRICES 2/- to 12/6 per box.

**GANESH LILY LOTION.** It is a well-known doctor's prescription. It cools and whitens the most irritable skin, making it soft and fair; it is made up in different shades to suit all skins. Can be used as a liquid powder.

PRICES 4/6, 6/6, 8/6



A delightful relaxation of great benefit to your skin is derived from spending half an hour on a special 7/6 treatment given by an Adair Specialist. You will also learn the art of correct make-up together with simple advice on general Home Treatment.

*Eleanor Adair*

(Dept. T), 30, OLD BOND ST. LONDON, W.1

BRUSSELS: 51, Avenue Louise. PARIS: 5, Rue Cambon.  
HAGUE: Hotel des Indes. DUBLIN: (Switzers).  
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## HOME TREATMENT FOR RESTORING and RETAINING YOUTHFUL BEAUTY

Eleanor Adair, the renowned British Beauty Specialist, advises the following effective and economical Home Treatment for restoring Youthful Beauty to Skin and Contours.

**EASTERN MUSCLE OIL.** There is no other preparation like this wonderful Muscle Oil to strengthen the exhausted tissues, round out furrowed cheeks, smooth and invigorate sagging muscles of the face and neck.

PRICES 4/6, 8/6, 17/6, 27/6

**GANESH CHIN STRAP** keeps the face in shape and the mouth closed during sleep, also removes double chins. PRICES 10/6, 15/6, 21/6

**DIABLE SKIN TONIC.** Tones and strengthens the skin, contracts the pores, and ensures a complexion of the finest texture.

PRICES 4/6, 6/6, 8/6, 17/6

**GANESH CLEANSING CREAM.** For thoroughly cleansing the skin. Invaluable for motoring or when travelling.

PRICES 2/-, 5/-, 7/6

The above treatments are available as a complete course and may be had with full instructions POST FREE for £1.1.0

BEAUTY BOOKLET SENT FREE ON REQUEST.

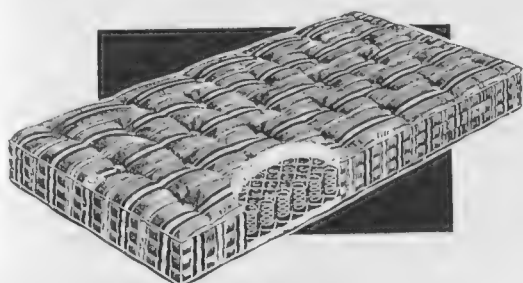
# Bedding that will give you luxurious rest

*The "Vi-Spring-Vibase"  
Combination, the  
World's most luxurious  
bed equipment.*



## *The 'Vito' Overlay Mattress*

Those requiring a lower priced overlay mattress than the "Vi-Spring" should see the 'Vito,' a really comfortable spring interior overlay mattress, thoroughly reliable in service yet extremely moderate in price. Its spring centre placed between two generous layers of soft upholstery consists of hundreds of small springs not in pockets. The unique shape and assemblage of these springs ensure for the 'Vito' a strength and resiliency that make it pre-eminent for lasting comfort and hard service. Ask your House Furnisher to show you the "Vito-Vibase" Combination.



## *The Vi-Spring Overlay Mattress*

For over 30 years the "Vi-Spring," the original pocketed spring overlay mattress, has stood in a class by itself, unequalled for luxurious comfort and durability. Hand-made throughout, it imparts a wonderful softness and resiliency that can never be equalled by the machine-made mattress. The "Vi-Spring" used in conjunction with the 'Vibase' Mattress Support makes it unquestionably the World's greatest combination for perfect sleep.

### *The 'VIBASE' MATTRESS SUPPORT*

The 'Vibase' is the most efficient support for the "Vi-Spring." It provides a base which allows the springs in the overlay mattress to give their fullest resiliency; it also eliminates the possibility of sagging. Fully upholstered in tickings to correspond with the "Vi-Spring," it is equal in appearance and durability to the costly box springs, yet sells at practically the same price as the best un-upholstered supports.

Sold by all reliable House Furnishers. Write for beautifully illustrated Catalogue, sent post free on request to:—

**Vi-Spring Products Ltd.** 41 Vi-Spring Works, Victoria Road, Willesden Junction, London, N.W. 10



**Pictures in the Fire**—continued from p. 294

Some wonderful things have already begun to happen this hunting season, and not the least wonderful is the following, which was recorded in a revered contemporary:

With Mr. Reginald Wright, the Master, in command, and Ben Capel hunting hounds, the South Atherstone held their opening meet on Tuesday at Newnham Paddox.

Personally, I am rather afraid of bogeys, especially out hunting.

\* \* \*

The ramifications of the Secret Service, as most people probably know, are amazing, and all sorts of expected and unexpected people are linked up with it in all sorts of ways. For instance, until he told a newspaper interviewer the other day, few people would have suspected that Sir Denison Ross was "one of them"! He is a very old friend of Indian days, when he was not, I happen to know, S.S., and all that we knew of him at that time and up to the outbreak of war in 1914 was that he was the very learned head of the big Mahomedan College in Calcutta, and later of the School of Oriental Languages in London—a most peaceably inclined creature who knew every Oriental language in the world, including even Pushtu—a woolly and very difficult tongue. However, the cat has been let out of this bag in connection with Mr. Compton Mackenzie's book, "Greek Memories," which was withdrawn almost as soon as it was published but may yet provide us with some exciting reading, if all reports prove to be correct. In the course of his press interview *vis-à-vis* the mysterious "C" Sir Denison Ross said:

He was a mighty power in England in those days. From his Whitehall chambers he directed all our activities, and from his pre-war experiences had unique knowledge of the spy systems of every country in the world. But only a few men who actually worked in his office knew his true identity.



WELL PLAYED, SIR!

Harry Middleton, the young son of Mr. and Lady Sybil Middleton, with the 19½ lb. salmon which, he killed unaided, on the Upper Pavilion water of the Tweed. Not bad for nine years old!

Clapherton

Once I came near to solving the mystery. I was walking down Knightsbridge with a colleague who had actually worked in the same room as "C." Suddenly he clutched my arm. "Look," he said, "That is 'C' in the car." I was not quite quick enough, and missed seeing him.

Of course the colleague "hadn't oughter" have said anything, because the one rule of all others of the S.S. is that no one knows anyone. If you know you must not let on. Three of my oldest friends are in "The Game," and only one of them knows that I know, and the others merely suspect, but all three of them I know are quite sure that even the Third Degree or the Death of a Thousand Tortures would not drag their names from me. The Germans don't seem to mind their people giving things away, as Franz Rintelen von Kleist, I read, is just about to publish a book telling everything—says he! Of course, *ipso facto*, he will cease to be employed. It is news to me that people are allowed to do this sort of thing. Von Kleist was every bit as important a figure as "C."

\* \* \*

I see by the papers that the mayor of that proud city of the waters, Rochelle, has had to step out and forbid "all intoxicated persons, carriers of arms or canes" from attending any dances, public or private. I have often thought that something like this would happen. It has been evident for some time past that cricketing pads or those disfiguring guards worn by soccer players have been desirable adjuncts to some dancers' apparel. They seem to be a bit more advanced in the pleasant land of France since knives, six-shooters, and sticks have had to be barred. They don't say anything about biting or scratching, but I suppose these are included? Rochelle's morning (and evening) daughters can let rapture light their eyes as much as they like, but they will have to sit up and take a bit of notice of their mayor.



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*I* T would be difficult to illustrate a more pleasing selection of Gifts for a man. Gold is always in the best taste, especially in these smart new patterns. The Gold Cigarette Case . . . No. 3446 has a Clip in place of elastic, £20.0.0 . . . No. 3447, a Gold Cover for 'tear-off' matches, £6.6.0 . . . No. 3448 Gold Covered Lighter of English Make, £2.15.0 . . . No. 3444 Gold Links, £2.0.0 pair . . . No. 3445 Gold and Enamel Links, £3.5.0 pair (any School Colours and Arms at the same price). Please call or write for Catalogue.



3446



3445

3447

3448



# ATTRACTIVENESS made CERTAIN with these Toilet Preparations from BOOTS

**TESTED FOR PURITY IF IT'S BOOTS.** If you only knew one half the tests by skilled analysts on each batch of Boots face powder, or Boots cold cream, you would wonder how they can be sold at such reasonable prices. Boots are famous for care among beauty specialists. Attractiveness made certain, by careful testing . . . And yet, because of the enormous demand for them, Boots Beauty Preparations are very reasonable in price.

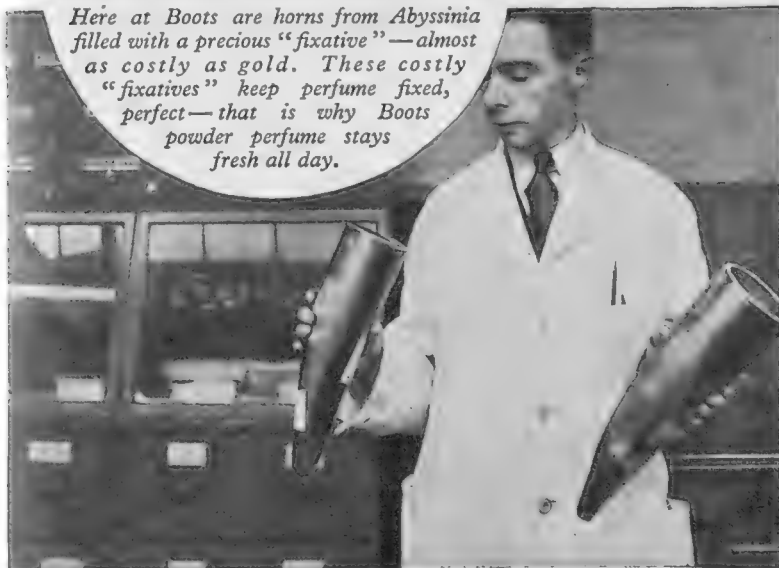
**EXACTLY WHAT YOU WANT, AT BOOTS.** If the toilet preparation you want is to be found in your town at all, Boots have it. No wider selection in sizes, shades, varieties anywhere else. Don't waste energy walking from shop to shop . . . don't waste time waiting to be served . . . don't waste patience in refusing substitutes . . . *Quickly* you can get at Boots *exactly* what you want.



No matter who the man may be—king or beggar—the subtle fragrance of your powder perfume is something he will remember. The powder perfume you choose carries your personality to your friends. Choose with care.

## Its perfume stays fresh—all day

Here at Boots are horns from Abyssinia filled with a precious "fixative"—almost as costly as gold. These costly "fixatives" keep perfume fixed, perfect—that is why Boots powder perfume stays fresh all day.



CHRISTMAS barely 6 weeks away

—GREATER VALUE

AT LESS COST

IN GIFTS FROM BOOTS



Toilet Specialists

**FRESHER WHEN YOU BUY AT BOOTS.** If ordinary *baking* powder can go stale, how much easier it is for the delicate *beauty* powders you use on your skin to deteriorate also. If they are sold to you after being long in stock, cold creams and powders are less good. That is why it is a big advantage to shop at Boots—simply because, serving millions of customers a year, Boots shops get fresh supplies almost every week. This is worth taking advantage of—if you take your attractiveness seriously—and who doesn't these days . . . Go to Boots today.



Why leave your complexion tints to chance when they are what his eyes see first. And if you choose your cosmetics carefully, not even the eyes of an artist can detect that your lovely colouring is anything but nature's gift.

## Certain your cosmetic tints are right

Nothing is left to chance in matching Boots tints. They never vary from the right shade . . . Boots tinting ingredients are also tested for **ABSOLUTE PURITY** in these fiery furnaces. Better cosmetics at Boots!



## TRY THESE SPECIAL LINES TODAY

### Genuine Eau-de-Cologne

Imperial Pint, 1/9. Also in 4-oz. and 8-oz. bottles at 6d and 10½d

### Lavender Water

Imperial Pint, 1/9. Also in 4-oz. and 8-oz. bottles at 6d and 10½d

(Delightful for the bath; for washing and freshening the face; or as an astringent after shaving; and sprayed for freshening rooms. Amazingly inexpensive.)

### Boots Cleansing Cold Cream for Massage

Jars . . . . . 6d and 1/-  
Tubes . . . . . 6d

### Boots Cleansing Skin Tonic

. . . . . 1/-

### Boots Cleansing Cold Cream Soap

. . . . . 4d.



## WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



MR. AND MRS. G. R. COUTTS

Who were married at the Holy Trinity Cathedral, Shanghai, recently. Before her wedding, Mrs. Coutts was Miss Elaine May Kathleen Greenfield, and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Greenfield of Foochow, and Mr. George Rogerson Coutts is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Coutts of Shanghai

Northumberland Fusiliers, the son of the late Major F. Hobbs and Mrs. Hobbs of 40, Parkside, S.W., and Miss Elizabeth Gathorne Hardy, the only child of Lieut.-General

## Marrying Abroad.

This week, on the 19th, Mr. Malcolm Gale and Miss Doris Wells are being married in Valparaiso; the marriage will be taking place in Rhodesia between Mr. James Scott Brown of Mwemba, Sinoia, South Rhodesia, youngest son of Mr. John Brown of Philiphaugh, Selkirk, and Miss Mary Aline Steedman, the only daughter of the late Mr. J. Streathern Steedman and of Mrs. Steedman of Ravensheugh, Selkirk; Mr. Spencer Guy Selby Singleton, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Singleton of Calcutta, and Mlle. Marie-Elizabeth Barbier, the younger daughter of M. and Mme. Jean Barbier of Quai d'Orsay, Paris, are to be married in Paris shortly

## Recently Engaged.

Mr. Godfrey Hobbs, the



Janet Jevons

## MISS MURIEL TART

The younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Leonard Tart of Kensington Court, who is engaged to Mr. Robert Fitzgibbon Carse, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ernest Carse of Kensington, and Durban, South Africa. Mr. Carse is the grandson of the late Dr. Henry FitzGibbon, who was President of the Royal College of Surgeons

Sir Francis and Lady Isobel Gathorne-Hardy, Government House, York; Mr. Dingle Mackintosh Foot, M.P., the eldest son of Mr. Isaac Foot, M.P., and Mrs. Foot of Pencrebar, Callington, Cornwall, and Miss Dorothy Mary Elliston, the

elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rowley Elliston of Ipswich, Suffolk; Mr. Anthony Gerald H. Brousson, Royal Engineers, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Brousson of Uphill, Knockholt, Kent, and Miss Lorna Everard Lewis, younger daughter of Lieut.-Col. Stanley Everard Lewis, R.A.M.C. (retd.), and Mrs. Lewis of Shears Green, Gravesend; Mr. Arthur Cecil Roper, the second son of the late Mr. Arthur Charles Roper and Mrs. Roper, and Miss Frances Ann Hubbard, M.P.S., the only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Arthur John Hubbard of Little Dean, Gloucestershire.



Poole, Dublin

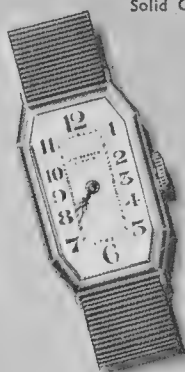
## MISS ANNETTE BROWNE-CLAYTON

Photographed with her hunter, "Mr. Mitty," at the opening meet of the Carlow Hounds. She is engaged to Mr. Andrew Marshall Horsburgh-Porter, 12th Lancers, and is the only daughter of Brigadier-General R. C. Browne-Clayton, D.S.O., and of the late Mrs. Browne-Clayton of Browne's Hill, Carlow. Her fiancé is the only son of Sir John Horsburgh-Porter, Bt., Senior Clerk in the House of Commons

## BUY A BENSON WRIST WATCH UNDER THIS MODERN PAYMENT PLAN ★



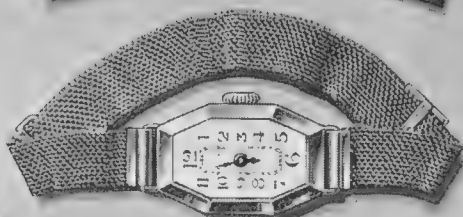
Solid Gold Watch on Gold Milanese Band.  
£8.8.0



(Left)  
Solid Gold Watch  
on Moiré Silk Band.  
£6.6.0.



(Right)  
Solid Gold Watch  
on Moiré Silk Band.  
£5.5.0.



Solid Gold Watch on Gold Milanese Band.  
£10.10.0.

Here are examples of those beautiful little timekeepers for which the house of Benson has won a world-wide reputation. Every Benson wrist watch is rigorously tested for accuracy and sold with Benson's written guarantee. And every one represents exceptional value, for Benson wrist watches have lever movements of the finest precision and finish, and will long outlast watches of ordinary quality.

★ Payment for anything selected from Benson's stocks of wristlet watches, pocket watches, chains, rings, jewellery, clocks and electric clocks, plate, etc., can be spread over a period to suit customers' convenience. The cash price only is paid, no interest being charged for credit facilities. Inquiries are invited.

Inspect Benson's large stock at their showrooms or write for free illustrated catalogues. Please state requirements, mentioning *The Tatler*.

**J.W. Benson LTD.**

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FROM THE GIFT DEPARTMENT



*The New*

## Jersey Bags and Scarves

Amongst the bags shown here are examples of the newest idea—bags and scarves to match of jersey in gay patterns and lovely colours

**Top**

Scotch tweed bag with scarf to match, in blue, green, brown or coral. 37/6 the set

**Second**

A very modern design bag in felt, with bone and chromium frame. In all colours 21/-

**Third**

One of the new herringbone jersey bags with scarf to match, in scarlet, green, and blue. The bag 29/6, the set 50/-

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A very smart striped jersey bag with scarf to match, in all colours. The bag 29/6, the set 50/-

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**TOURS**

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Return Fares, £90 1st class,  
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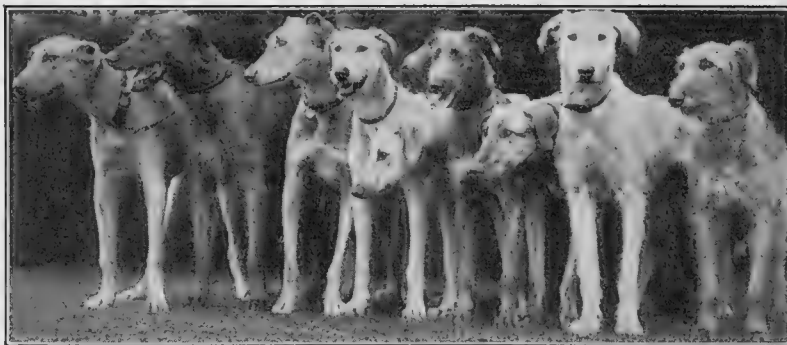
## Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

The day these notes appear the entry for our Members' Show will have closed, so all I can do is to suggest to anyone who is interested in dogs to make a note of the date of the Show, November 29, and the place, the New Horticultural Hall, Vincent Square. Dog shows are so often held in out of the way places, that it is a chance to have one near at hand. As almost all the women owners of large kennels belong to our Association the quality of the dogs will certainly be good and the Show well worth a visit. It is interesting as showing the growth of the dog industry, that when we first had members' shows they were easily accommodated in the old Horticultural Hall. The Association has long outgrown this hall, but the new one is far more spacious. Members' shows are usually friendly, cheerful entertainments, when both exhibitors and visitors can look at and discuss the dogs without the noise and rush of a big show. I specially commend this Show to anyone anxious to learn about any special breed and to make a start in dogs.



DACHSHUND DOG  
The property of Mrs. Allan

One is apt to think that to succeed in a popular breed like fox-terriers a great outlay is necessary, handlers, kennelmen, etc. This is contradicted by the great success of Miss Pearson's kennel of smooth fox-terriers. Miss Pearson keeps a comparatively small number, and looks after, puts down, and shows the dogs herself,



IRISH WOLFHOUSES  
The property of Mrs. Gardner

tion to his magnificent appearance, has a charming character in keeping with it—gentle, dignified, and devoted to his own people. Miss Gardner has some young dogs and bitches for sale, also some puppies. All her dogs are treated as friends and companions, and are accustomed to being taken about.

The dachshund is one of those breeds which retain their popularity regardless of fashion. They have many most attractive qualities, which make them most desirable as companions. Mrs. Allan has kept the smooth-coated variety for a long time, and has now been converted to the other two varieties—wire-haired and long-haired. She finds the latter most attractive, with their beautiful outline and silky coats. She has a number of puppies of all three breeds for disposal—all ages, and at moderate prices. She also wishes to sell the dog whose picture is given. He is most promising—by the late Ch. Honeytime—and would be a good purchase for someone wanting a dog above the average. Ch. Honeytime is one of the most famous sires, and this puppy is his latest son.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



CH. KIPYARD JAKIN  
The property of Miss Pearson

## THE DINING TABLE GLORIFIED

When you light these Nell Gwynn candles, the dining-table becomes transformed. The glow of candle-light is answered by the gleam of silver, and the colour of the flowers is repeated in the colour of the candles themselves. Not only at night, but in the daylight hours, their vivid beauty will lend distinction to your decorative schemes. What company could fail to be gracious and gay in an atmosphere of such charm!

## FIELD'S Nell Gwynn CANDLES

Gift Box containing four 14-inch Candles and four Candlesticks to match—5/6 Per Box. (as illustrated)

Nell Gwynn candles are made in 36 different colours and 10 sizes. They are solid dyed—not merely surface tinted—and they burn steadily without smoke or odour.

★FREE: An interesting booklet on candles for lighting and decoration, illustrated in full colours, will be sent post free on request to J. C. & J. Field, Ltd., Dept. Q.5, London, S.E.1.



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# HARVEY NICHOLS

OF KNIGHTSBRIDGE

CAPES AND  
COATEES  
OF VELVET  
FOR  
EVENING  
WEAR



(ON LEFT)  
Beautifully made in  
Harvey Nichols' work-  
rooms—a Coatee of  
best artificial silk ring  
velvet, with a softly-  
draped front, deep  
pouched sleeve, and  
graceful girdle. In  
black and this season's  
colours.

69/6

(ON RIGHT)  
A new and graceful  
Cape of artificial silk  
ring velvet. The cir-  
cular-cut front sweeps  
over the left shoulder—  
giving the new high  
neckline—and finishes  
in an effective hanging  
bow. In black and  
charming shades of  
red, green, and brown.

35/9

PRESENTS  
for  
everybody  
can be  
found in  
the many  
sections of  
this House.



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**Miss Olga Lindo,**

now playing in "The Bear Dances,"  
at the Garrick Theatre, London,  
writes:

"I HAVE found Phosferine invaluable in helping me to overcome the great physical and nervous strain which is naturally attendant upon emotional parts such as I usually play, and I take Phosferine regularly in order to ensure that I can at all times feel perfectly fit, and therefore be able to give of my best."

*From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.*

## PHOSFERINE

BRAND TONIC

The Greatest of all Tonics for

Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
Debility	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Malaria
Indigestion	Weak Digestion	Faintness	Rheumatism
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain Fag	Headache
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

From Chemists.

1/3, 3/- and 5/-

Tablets and Liquid.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

**WARNING.**—Phosferine is prepared only by Phosferine (Ashton and Parsons) Ltd., and the public is warned against purchasing Worthless Imitations.



**Far Above Rubies**—continued from p. 274

daughter of this Marton woman" (Miss Waldron winced) "has a coming-of-age party next month and that the rubies will be worn then. It seems to me that if someone who had an invitation . . ."

"I undertake the commission," broke in Miss Waldron, coolly. "Ten thousand pounds. Next month, I think you said?"

Taken aback, Schultz stuttered relievedly, "Er—yes—that's it. But mind you, no rubies, no pay."

"That is perfectly understood."

"And if things go wrong," he threatened her with his beady eyes, "it's your own lookout. We know nothing."

"That is rather obvious," murmured the charming Miss Waldron, and with a nonchalant "Good-day" she was gone, leaving Schultz to puzzle over her last remark, while the cherubic one chuckled.

Three weeks and two days later the morning editions of all leading European newspapers bore the startling headlines:—

**FAMOUS MARTON RUBIES STOLEN!**  
**£10,000 HEIRLOOM VANISHES AT COMING-OF-AGE PARTY!**

Feature writers filled whole pages with colourful descriptions of the missing gems. Scotland Yard was reported to be "about to make an arrest." The Sunday editions commenced their inevitable series of articles on "Great Jewel Robberies of History," and one enterprising but unscrupulous reporter invented a most picturesque "Curse" which was supposed to fall upon the House of Marton once the rubies had left their possession.

Within two weeks the sensation had given pride of place to *Another Outbreak of War in Manchuria* and *The League of Nations Scandal*. "Kill that ruby story," ordered the callous news editors. "It is dead meat now," and turned their skilled attention to dressing up the reports of a minor murder to look like a first-rank crime. And two weeks later, Miss Helen Waldron placed an array of flashing red stones into the trembling hands of the blue-jowled man, received payment in Bank of England notes, gave the cherubic A. J. Smith a generous commission, and rose to go.

"Oh, Mr. Schultz"—she paused casually in the doorway—"when will you return to the States?"

"Sister," said the blue-jowled man earnestly, "I'm on my way right now. There's a boat leaves at five o'clock."

Helen Waldron took a taxi to the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit. Giving her code word to the man at the door, she passed downstairs to the vaults. Depositing her money in her own private vault, she drew out a brown paper package, and shortly afterwards handed it over to the registered letter counter of the Fleet Street Post Office.

Half-an-hour later, as she entered her Bayswater flat, a hand closed on her arm.

"Coming quietly?" said Wade of the Yard.

A uniformed policeman loomed behind him.

"Yes," said the demure Miss Waldron, "but what for?"

Wade grunted. "You know what for. The Marton job. It simply reeks of our little Helen. Oh, don't trouble to explain. You can do all the explaining at the Yard." There was disgust in his voice as he added: "Are you a friend of the Martons, too?"

His captive smiled on him sweetly. "I am still a friend. And I don't think there is anything to explain. You will understand soon."

Four hours later, when the Criminal Investigation Department received a frantic telephone call from Lord Marton, to say that the rubies had just been returned anonymously by post to his town house, Wade understood, and with apologies for her detention, personally escorted the charming Miss Waldron to a taxi.

Somewhere on an ocean liner in the English Channel, a blue-jowled, beady-eyed man fondled a set of exquisitely-faked imitation rubies in the security of his stateroom, and drank to his own success from a silver hip-flask. In an office near the Inner Temple, a little man with a face like a cherub seen through a magnifying glass, gazed, round-eyed, at the "Stop Press" column of the evening paper, with its startling news of the return of the Marton heirlooms. When he could speak, it was—as ever—a Biblical quotation that came from his lips:

"A good woman is far above rubies," he said, and did not stop chuckling for quite a long time.



MISS ELSIE HEATHCOTE AND MISS RONA THAELE

Who are now giving skating exhibitions at the Streatham Ice Rink. They will appear at the Hammersmith Ice Dome on December 5, and in January are going to St. Moritz

Janet Jeavons

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Crocodile

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Pigskin Fitted Attache Case.

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Race Companion, S/Gilt Mount, very completely fitted.

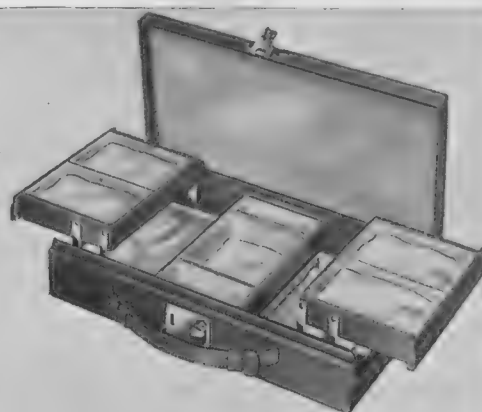
Crocodile £8-10-0

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Grafton Bridge Box in Dainty Shades of Crushed Calf

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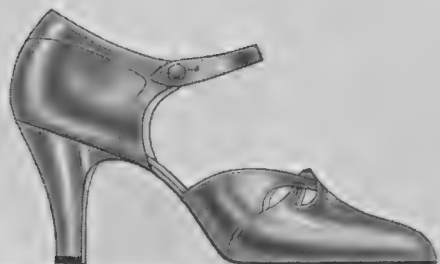
9" £5-2-6



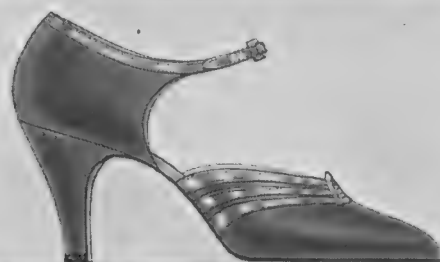
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Established nearly a Century.  
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REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1.



**Petrol Vapour**—continued from p. 296

a slight flat spot in the carburettor, which is obvious enough) has been secured, I cannot pretend to explain. Probably a number of details have been "teed-up" to a minute extent. At all events the result is most pleasant, and I am not at all surprised to learn that half-a-million of money is being applied to the extension of those famous Luton works.

Without Comment.

Quite recently I happened to overhear the following:

(a) "Take my tip and keep your tyres pretty flat this kind of weather. You get more of their surface on the road, so it stands to reason that skidding is prevented."

(b) "The way I make sure of a quick start-up is this: a little before the engine stops I pull the choke, thing full out and let the cylinder get jolly well full of petrol. That makes her go off really lively."

Many motor owners who lay up their cars at the end of September are unaware of the facilities for obtaining short period licences. The Automobile Association points out that from November 1 a part-quarterly licence may be taken out for two months to the end of the year, or a licence for one month can be obtained from December 1 at proportionate rates. Refunds are also payable for each unexpired month of quarterly and other licences on surrendering them. Full information may be obtained from the Automobile Association, Fanum House, New Coventry Street, London, W.1, or from any A.A. branch office.



BRITISH HOTEL'S ENTERPRISE

The Palace Hotel, Torquay, have recently engaged as Dance Host and Hostess the well-known dancers, Clemson and Valerie, who have delighted International audiences at the Beau Site Hotel, Cannes, and the Hotel Regina, Aix-les-Bains, in previous years, winning the Premier Prix d'Elégance at the former, and the Premier Prix International Tournai de Danse at the latter. They are seen in the above photograph rehearsing one of their numbers in the familiar surroundings of the ballroom at "Britain's Most Beautiful Guest House," where they will entertain visitors throughout the winter season.

**Air Eddies**—continued from p. 292

other aircraft. On dark nights it has happened that commercial aircraft have passed quite close to each other without either pilot being aware of the other. At present there are not enough commercial machines

operating regularly to make the risks of collision very great; but there are likely to be in the near future, and so some means of warning other machines is needed.

The searchlight beam, provided part of it impinges upon a section of the aircraft, is probably the best navigation light there is. The searchlight, therefore, performs two essential functions: it acts as a landing light and also as a navigation light. The lamp "approved" by the Air Ministry is made by Philips, Ltd., and the ground can be distinguished on a clear night from a height of more than 1,200 ft. For landing, the light is satisfactory when it has been adjusted correctly and when the pilot has learnt to use it. Altogether it is a great improvement upon the wing-tip flare. If it could be used not only for landing, but also in place of the ordinary navigation lights, the machines would be relieved of much worrying wiring and the risks of collision would be reduced.

The Philips landing lamps have been used on many different types of aircraft with success. They can be more neatly mounted than wing-tip flares, and they are certainly as trustworthy. But the most important thing is that they enable aircraft equipment to be slightly simplified, and simplification is the most urgently needed item at the present moment. Aircraft prices can never come down while the construction and flying of aircraft is so complicated and so edged round with restrictive legislation as it is at present.



"JAMES! HOW FAR HAVE WE BEEN?"

"One hundred miles, your Ladyship."

"Then we've only another twenty to do and I am not in the least tired. These new cushions are so comfortable; they don't get hot on a long journey or bounce you about like the old ones did. It's just like 'floating on air.'"

James (aside). "I am glad the old lady likes these new Moseley 'FLOAT-on-AIR' Cushions—they are absolutely no trouble to me and they make driving easier because they don't roll."

5 reasons why

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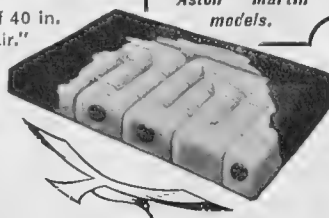
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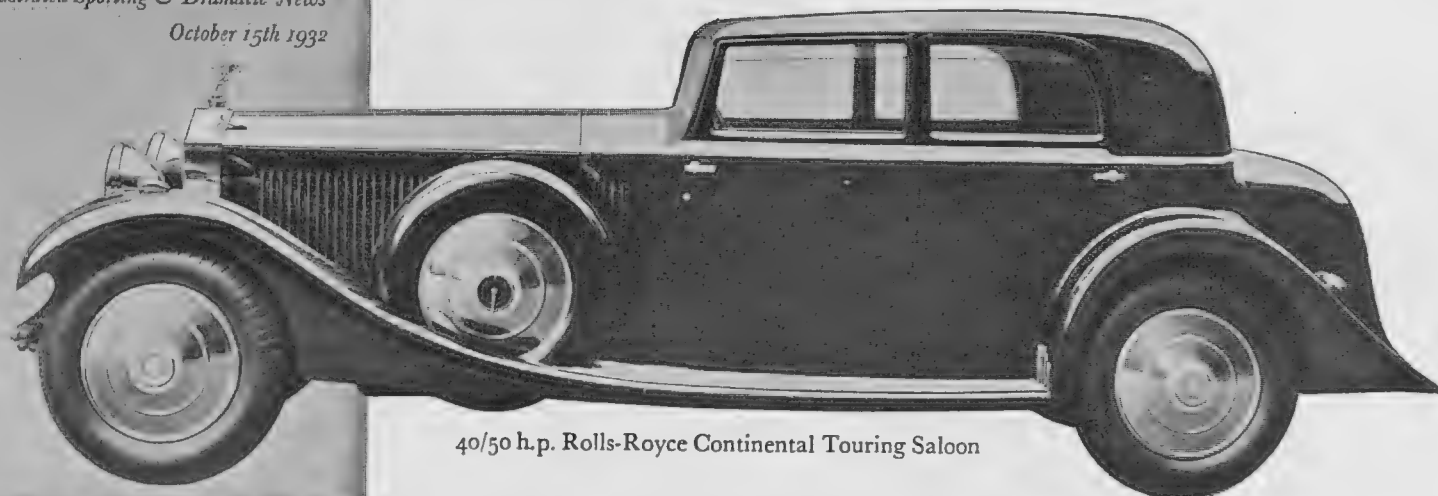
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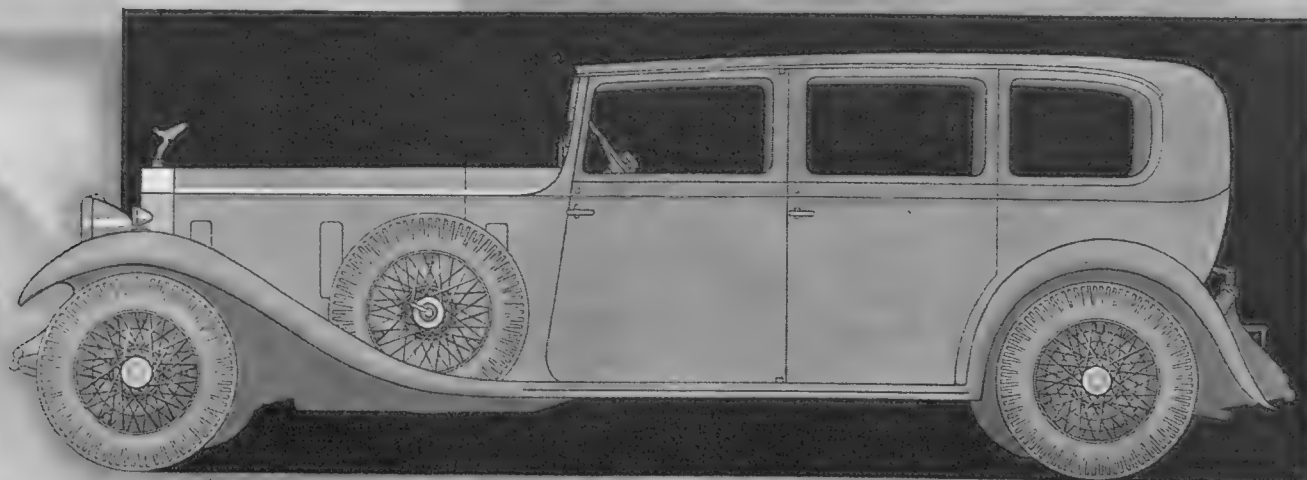


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## FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES

(Continued from p. 268)

## From the Cheshire

Tuesday found all those who are still clinging to the gold standard coupled with those who never have and never will be on same, at Oxheys. The morning was rather disappointing, being spoilt by the "over enthusiastic foot people" (as copied from "The Times"). Hounds however killed a brace, and the Master plus Eric and the "Bold Bad Bart." seem to have had the best of the day from Hunt's Hill. All parties having mentioned a different route we cannot accurately state in what direction this chase took place.

Wednesday once again found us at the Swan prior to "Tarpoley Jumps"; a morning of meetings followed by lunch interval, from which we noticed at the latter yet another of the president's privileges, "but we feel sure she enjoyed it." It did one good to see the Brigadier, better known to some as "Mouse" or the "Colonel," hunting here again for two days, and also judging on Wednesday.

Thursday, from Duddon, provided three nice hunts mostly over the carefully titivated Clegg country. My word, didn't the nautical navigator vault into the plate after opening the railway gates. The fifty-two minutes from the Bach House Belt over the best of the country was good, and ended a week of accidents and incidents. Our sincere sympathy to our "Times" correspondent and his wife; also the Belmont Squire. May all three be with us soon again. Our heartiest congratulations to Hamel and Ida. We hear they put it to the highest of tests—the weather being against bathing—by flying to York and back. The very best to them both.

## From Lincolnshire

The gaunt spectre of foot and mouth disease has, unhappily, reared its head in Lincolnshire just as the various county packs were on the eve of another season. The outbreak being in the very centre of the Brocklesby country all hunting with Lord Yarborough's pack is, for the time being, at a standstill. The Burton domain is also considerably affected, and until the restrictions are modified their fixtures are also cancelled. Southwold meets, also, have had to be rearranged.

Fortunately the Blankney country is free, and when Lord Barnby opened his regular season on November 3, the usual gay throng assembled in front of Lord Londesborough's picturesque mansion, Blankney Hall. It was a joy to see so many young people in the saddle and going with delightful freedom over the resilient turf in the park. Scent, however,

was execrable, and although there was no lack of foxes Jim Welch was unable to show the kind of sport he usually does when any sort of a smell prevails.

Saturday, November 5, from Brant Broughton proved a capital day; plenty of foxes and plenty of galloping and jumping in the beautiful Vale. Hounds killed one fox and gave others a terrible fright.

## From the York and Ainsty

There was only a small field out with the South pack at Foggathorpe on November 5, doubtless because the Middleton and Holderness held their opening meets on the same day; but it really was great fun, and if it's true that there is to be a fine of half-a-crown per toss—the proceeds to go towards a beano at the end of the season—Saturday gave us a good start. Strong-i'th'arm fell twice, likewise Retep and Seetrus; Tomcat took one, as also did young Dranuc. (You don't see who we mean? Think again!) To an eminent personage, who asked whether being "Refused off" counted as a fall, we understand the reply was that it did.

Lord Mountgarret and the Northerners opened their season at Ouseburn on Monday, 7th, and had quite good sport in the Thorpe underwood—Nun Monkton area—whilst the South pack met at Oxton on the 8th. Geoffrey's famous stick-heap was much in evidence, as also were the long iron instruments with which it is stirred up. We had capital gallops both from Oxton and Steeton, even though, as nearly always happens here, the foxes would run in circles. The "Quo fata vocant" young gents were present in some numbers, and we were sorry to hear that the C.R.A. broke his collar-bone.

## From the Heythrop

The opening meet was held in the most glorious weather on Monday the 7th at Heythrop village. There was quite a fashionably dressed assembly, swallow-tails being well in evidence on some of the young bloods, but at present the Camber Curly, the new headgear for men, has not made its appearance. Incidentally this day was also the first day of Rat Week. Of this we were forcibly reminded by the Joint Masters who had occasion to be distinctly ratty during the day with some of the thrusters who tried to gnaw their way through at checks and in crowded gateways. Also we quite agree that it is most important to reduce these rodents, as it appeared that the rats had been at the mane of the new grey horse which one of our thrusters was riding. We thought that the gentleman who cut a good hearty voluntary did it very well, and we hope his feelings were as little hurt as the fleshy portion of his anatomy on which he landed so nicely.

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YOUTHFUL  
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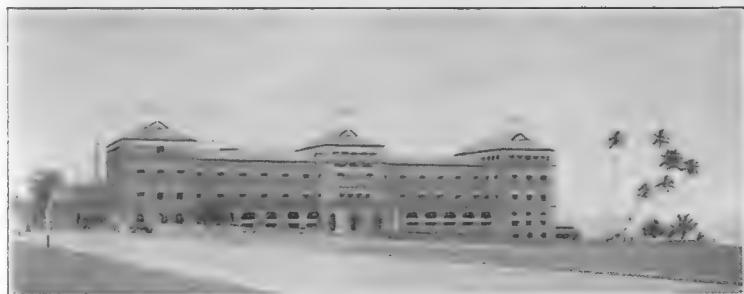
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## Notes from Here and There

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, badly need £15 to help a woman, aged fifty-three, who is having great trouble with her eyes and has had to give up her work in a shop. She has had one very serious operation for cataract, which was followed by hæmorrhage, and in six months' time she will have to undergo yet another operation in the other eye. In the meantime she is very blind and it is not expected that she will be able to resume her work for at least a year, and as she has come to the end of her savings she will have nothing to live upon during this period, for she has no relations to help her. The Friends of the Poor hold excellent references for her and



A SPORTING SUPPER PARTY

Nose-bag time at the Suffolk Hunt Ball, of which event other pictures appear on a previous page. The names in this group (starting in the centre foreground and continuing clockwise) are: Miss Thomson, Mrs. H. Hambro, Captain A. C. Campbell, Mrs. Dearbergh, Colonel C. Vickery, Mrs. Vickery, Mr. N. Hambro, and Mr. Dearbergh. Mrs. Hambro is the wife of Lieut.-Colonel H. Hambro, Master of the Suffolk Hounds since 1923 and enormously popular



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recommend her case to your generosity.

Cruising has become more popular than ever. Striking evidence of this can be found in that nearly 10,000 people made cruises in Cunard ships during the past few months. With the approach of winter the Cunard programme of cruises has been extended so that people can escape the rigours of winter altogether, or at least enjoy some sunshine during part of the winter season. At present arrangements have been made for three Cunard liners, the *Lancastria*, *Laconia*, and *Carinthia*, to make cruises which will extend from the autumn of this year until the early summer of 1933. These liners will cover a cruise programme ranging in time from fourteen days to five months, in distance from 3,000 miles to over 42,000 miles, and in price from 15 guineas to 415 guineas. The 20,000-ton

liner, *Laconia*, is again to make three cruises during January, March, and April. The cost of these cruises ranges from 24 guineas, and they cover a total itinerary of nearly 22,500 miles. They have been so arranged that it will be possible for any fortunate person with three months to spare to take the entire three cruises and gain a wonderful idea of the West Indies, Egypt, the Mediterranean, and the Canary Islands. The first cruise begins from Liverpool on January 26, and is to Madeira, the West Indies, and North Africa, the *Laconia* returning to Southampton on March 16. Fares are from 75 guineas. The second cruise, which commences from Southampton on March 8, is to the Mediterranean and Egypt, and lasts until April 7, when the *Laconia* returns to Southampton. Fares are from 45 guineas. The Easter holidays come within the period of the third cruise to Spain, North Africa, and the Canary Islands. The *Laconia* sails from Southampton on April 8, and returns on April 24. The fares for this third cruise are from 24 guineas. For those who have the time to spare there is a 42,000 miles World Cruise in the *Carinthia* from New York on January 7. British passengers can leave Southampton to join the *Carinthia* at New York, or proceed to Kingston (Jamaica), where the *Carinthia* will call on January 11. An interesting feature of the *Carinthia*'s cruise will be her visit to Tristan da Cunha (the loneliest island in the world), which will take place on April 26.

A ball will be held at the Dorchester Hotel on Monday, December 12, to raise funds for the work of the Women's National Liberal Federation. Clifford Essex Band will be in attendance, and tickets, which cost 25s. each, may be obtained from Lady Sinclair, 1, Great George Street, S.W.1.

A luncheon for the British Women's Hospitality Committee will be held at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, on November 23, at 1 o'clock. The speakers are to be the Dowager Lady Swaythling, Lady McClaren Brown, and the Lady Bertha Dawkins, who is also chairman. Tickets are £1 1s. each, and may be obtained from the organizer, Miss Edith Dawkins, Kensington Palace, W.8.



Exchange  
Winter's grip  
for Spring's  
caress

Have done with  
braving out the un-  
kind, fickle winter.  
Live happy and care-  
free in a gentle clime  
where spring-like days  
give zest to life and  
sweet Nature lures to

lazy contemplation of surf-fringed seas and  
skies of clearest blue. Away in the Western  
Atlantic lie the heaven-blest Bermudas. You  
will love these sea-girt isles, and Bermuda will  
welcome you with traditional hospitality,  
redolent of old colonial days. The round trip,  
begun and ended by luxurious ocean travel and  
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golf and bathing, enriched by life-long happy  
memories, will mean new life and health to you.  
Why not this year?

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Isles of Sunshine

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crows' feet develop and your youthful appearance  
gradually fades. This ageing process takes place in  
the deeper layers of the skin and cosmetics applied on

the surface merely conceal the evidence of age. Creams,  
lotions and powders do not reach these deeper layers  
and are helpless to induce natural renovation and  
growth of the skin tissues which are undergoing the pro-  
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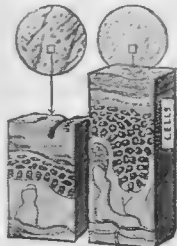
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Section on left shows ageing skin:  
surface wrinkled and dry scales peel-  
ing off; poor layer of active tissue,  
cells shrunk to three rows.

Section on right shows skin after  
treatment with  
W-5 brand  
tablets: sur-  
face smooth  
and firm; rich  
active tissue;  
increased rows  
of cells some  
of which are  
growing; im-  
proved nutri-  
tion and there-  
fore skin fresh,  
clear and  
youthful.



## TRIUMPH Quality is vital in a light car.

and the most completely equipped. Super Eight £155, Super Nine £189,  
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Dunlop tyres  
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200 Rooms overlooking the Sea. 15 acres Park. Free motorbus to Mte. Carlo (2 miles).  
Own Motor Car Service to Golf Mont-Agel at very moderate price.  
Inclusive from 60 Francs.

FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBN. 1908: GOLD MEDAL

Try this  
chocolate covered  
Fruit Lozenge

FOR  
**CONSTIPATION**  
GASTRIC & INTESTINAL TROUBLES

## TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

Sold by all Chemists and Druggists 3/- per box  
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# Evening Wear



AT MOSS BROS.  
you can be perfectly fitted with immaculate "Tails" or a Dinner Suit in a matter of moments. This inestimable service means an undoubted saving of time, trouble and expense.

**MOSS BROS & Co LTD**  
*Covent Garden*

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## THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

"The Sphere's" Travel Bureau was inaugurated a few years ago specially to help readers to overcome the many difficulties that arise when the problem of holidays is being discussed.

In its new form the Travel Section is one of the most popular features of the paper. Useful and *practical* information is given each week of tours by rail, sea and road; and beauty spots and health resorts all over the world are fully illustrated and described.

All Travel queries are promptly answered by post.

*Enquiries should be addressed to—*

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## TOPICS OF VARIED INTEREST

### High Quality Milk Bonus.

For a long time the directors of Cow and Gate have been desirous of making some financial recognition of high quality and special care in the handling of their milk by suppliers to the company, as they feel progress in quality production is of vital national importance. An experimental scheme was put into operation at one branch in June last and a new bonus scheme now prevails at all West of England branches. Each supplier's milk is graded by a system of marks, and each month 10 per cent. of farmers gaining the greatest number of marks will be paid 1d. extra per gallon for the month's supply. The 20 per cent. of farmers gaining the next highest marks will be paid ½d. per gallon extra. The factory manager, milk inspector, county agricultural organizer or dairying instructress will be only too pleased to assist with advice or explanation all who are interested in the subject.

\* \* \*

### "4711" Eau de Cologne.

There are innumerable ways in which Eau de Cologne can glorify your toilet—it is luxuriously cool and refreshing in the wash-bowl; it calms throbbing temples, soothes tired brows, and brings its delicate cool fragrance into a stuffy room. A spot or two behind the ears or on the kerchief will provide an atmosphere of personal charm throughout the day. The exhilarating effects of Eau de Cologne are only enjoyed to the full when a really good authentic quality is used, and for that reason the world-famous "4711" genuine Eau de Cologne is very widely preferred. It has remained unchanged for nearly a century and a half and the product you buy to-day is true in every ingredient to the original formula which is the carefully-guarded treasure of the House of "4711." In view of the many synthetic substitutes for this toiletry it is well to safeguard your interests by using only the best obtainable.

\* \*

### A New "Carryall."

Such a simple thing, nevertheless it is very useful, especially during the pre-Christmas period when women always seem to be overburdened with parcels. It is the "Garston Y Nott" Carryall; it slips over the arm and enables the shopper to carry a great number of parcels, leaving the hands free; an illustration appears on this page. It is made of the finest leather in a variety of colours for 1s. 6d. from Reynolds and Corfield, 41, Bedford Chambers, King Street, Covent Garden.



*Simplicity is the characteristic feature of the Garston "Y Nott" for carrying with ease a great many parcels*

\* \*

### Foam Baths.

There is nothing more refreshing than Zotis foam baths; they persuade weariness to leave the body as well as those troublesome things that eventually lead to rheumatism. Those who are already suffering from this prevalent complaint obtain immediate relief from pain. Then their cleansing qualities are unique. Their G.H.Q. is 18, Dover Street, and it is safe to predict that every woman who indulges in one will subsequently take a course. Again there are the Zotis foam shampoos; they are really shampoos of air and water alone. Tiny bubbles—micro-bubbles is their scientific name—hold the water against each hair, bursting with a marvellous delicate massaging effect, carrying off surplus grease, dust, and dead skin. When the foam disappears the hair is perfectly cleansed, its lovely colour is undimmed, and it is glossy and soft because the natural oil has been preserved. This foam is likewise used for facial massage.

\* \* \*

### Three Nibs.

Over fifty years ago I think it must be, I remember my elder brother, who used to go to the City each morning, say that he liked a Perry pen best of all. That is an extract from a letter received the other day by Perry and Co., Ltd., the century-old penmakers of London and Birmingham. These famous nibs are more widely used to-day than ever before. Among those which have found favour during recent years are the "Silver Wonder," the "St. Stephen's" for those preferring a reliable fine-pointed nib, and the "Queen Mary." In the whole history of pen manufacture no finer quality nibs have yet been produced.

**don't let prejudice against instalments stand in the way of your being well-dressed at a very moderate cost.** many women, while thoroughly realising the very keen values and delightful fashion sense shewn by the creations illustrated in the corot advertisements still allow the fact that five years ago we agreed to accept instalment payments to prejudice them against acting upon their well-informed sense of buying. **we strongly suggest that the woman who considers highly fashionable personal dressmaking at moderate cost desirable, should come and see us, and for the moment overlook her prejudice against the instalment method of payment, of which, after all, she need not take advantage unless she wishes.** all the models displayed in the corot showrooms are sold at fixed prices, clearly marked in each case, and a visit will convince that there is no finer value to be obtained in all england for this type of creation.

**"cocktail sauce."**

an evening gown in fine wool is quite your smartest choice. this model allies a new back with a cleverly cut hip line. in several shades.

**cash six-and-a-half guineas, or  
nineteen shillings and sixpence monthly.**

**"tell me."**

the knob weave woollen in which this coat is made is much enhanced by distinctive sleeves and a deep marmot collar.

**cash ten guineas, or  
thirty shillings monthly.**

**"milady gracious."**

a dinner or cinema gown allies black velvet and lace most effectively and takes a very lovely sleeve line. may be copied in other shades.

**cash six guineas, or  
eighteen shillings monthly.**

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t.347.

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=  
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# Silk Nightdress

*in floral  
designs—  
The mode of  
the Season*

*From  
the collection  
of  
fascinating  
novelties*



*In pure silk  
washing satin,  
nightdress with an  
attractive floral de-  
sign of contrasting  
shades; becoming  
neck with bow of  
self material on  
shoulder. Also  
with round neck  
trimmed with hem-  
stitching on white,  
pink, green, yellow,  
and coral grounds.*

**20/-**

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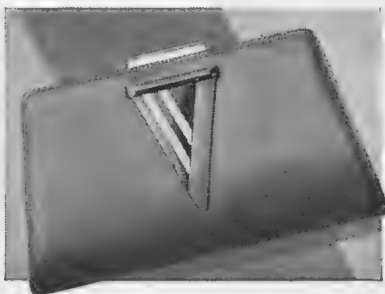
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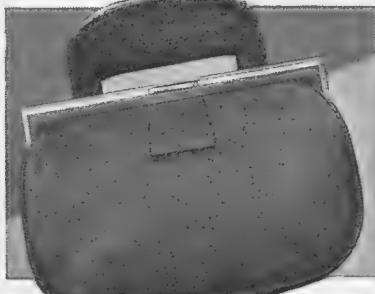
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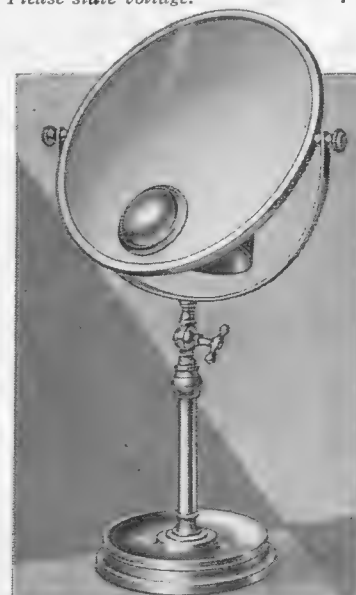
In real Hide. Light or Dark shade. Lined Rexine - £5.10.0

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(Illustrated above)

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**ILLUMINATING SHAVING MIRROR.** Adjustable to any angle. Fittings chromium plated. Height 17 ins. Mirror 9 ins. across. With flex, bulb, plug. **41/3**  
Please state voltage.



**MEN'S TRAVEL SET.** Hair Brush, Cloth Brush, Comb. Stiff-bristled Brushes with Natural Ebony backs, grained Hide Case. **17/6**

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# Harrods



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### The Dropped Sleeve... and The Yoke

TOM MIX himself might own the broad leather belt on this very new frock. Brown and Beige flecked Crinkle Crepe. The new sleeve gives a slender shoulder line. Two hip fittings.

WOVEN on a Lace Machine imagine the fineness of this woollen material. Brown and Beige stripes. Ivory Crepe Collar and a narrow leather belt. Two hip fittings.

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has become the accepted association of the practical and the fundamentally feminine in shoes.



No. 0919. A combination of Velvet and Satin in white, ready for dyeing at short notice **21/9**  
2/6 extra. Postage 6d.

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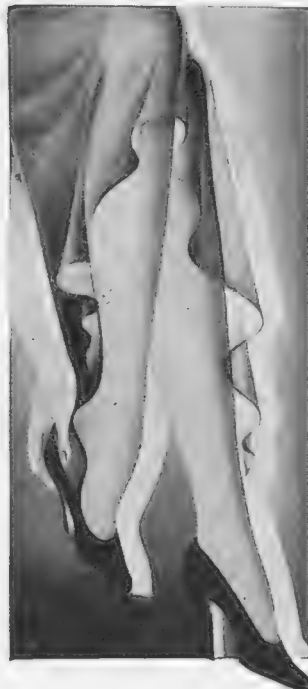
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for lovely Gifts



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Three pairs packed free in fancy boxes

### "LISELLE"

Pure Silk and Lisle Stockings made of the new fabric for Country and Sports wear. Very strong. In colours: Dago, Mid Grey, Beige, Black, Gunmetal, Leafmould, Musquash, Light Fawn, Linnet. **3/11**  
Sizes: 8½, 9, 9½, 10, 10½.

Three pairs for 11/6

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Medium weight Pure Silk Stockings, fully fashioned, Cuban heel, no clox. Hard wearing. In Colours: New Fawn, Rosita, Squirrel, Cinder, Morse, Pine Cone, Terrapin, Vista, Gunmetal. **4/11**  
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Plated Artificial Silk on Wool Stockings that take the place of the stouter makes of Cashmere and woollen stockings, being daintier in appearance, giving longer wear and more comfort. Very suitable for Town or Country wear. In colours: Dusky, Black, Gunmetal, Leafmould, New Beige, Convent Grey, Musquash. **5/11**  
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BY APPOINTMENT.

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"After my two experiences I can assure you I never drive without it."—Extract from letter dated March 17th.

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The soft woollen Romaine moulds perfectly to the figure, giving a delightfully slimming line—whilst the strapping and bow (in rich velvet to tone) are most effective. In shades of Wine, Black, Tempest Blue. Price **6½ Gns.**

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The smartest, most dashing costume! The brief Coatee with epaulet sleeves is of Velveteen set off with Gold Braid, while the bouffant Skirt of Rayon Taffeta is banded with Velveteen to match. Gay little pillbox Hat with long feather. Model in Gold and Saxe. Other colours to order. Sizes S.W. and **6 Gns**

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Harrods Ltd  
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# Harrods

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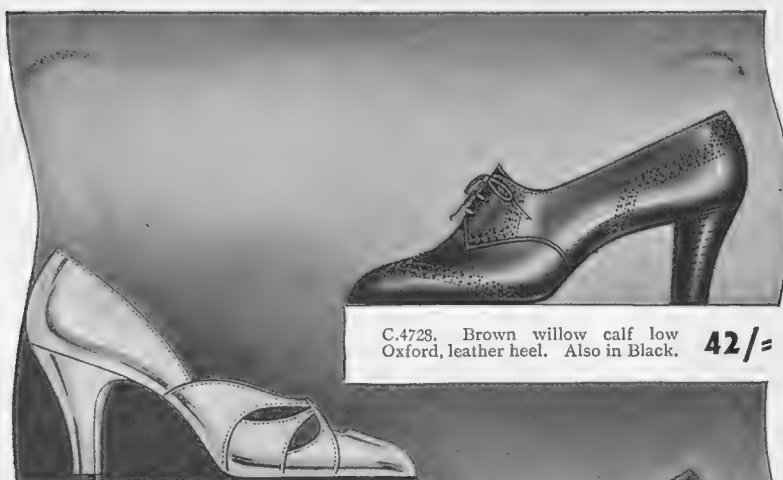
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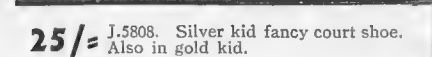
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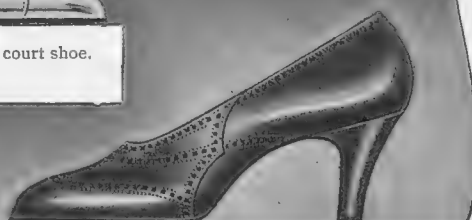




C.4728. Brown willow calf low Oxford, leather heel. Also in Black. **42/=**

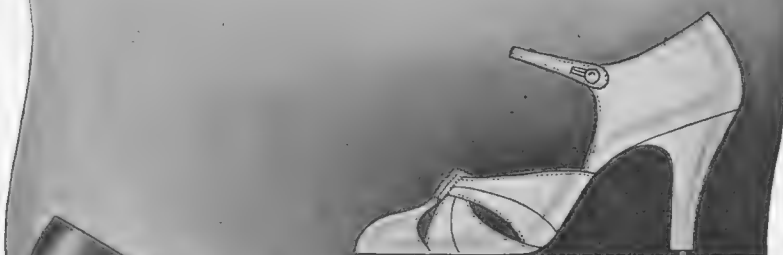


**25/=** J.5808. Silver kid fancy court shoe. Also in gold kid.

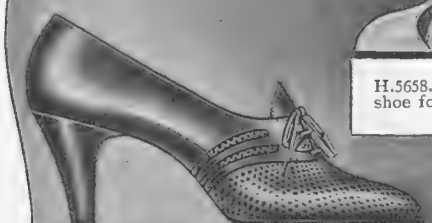


E.4739. Brown willow calf brogue court shoe, LXV heel. **35/=**

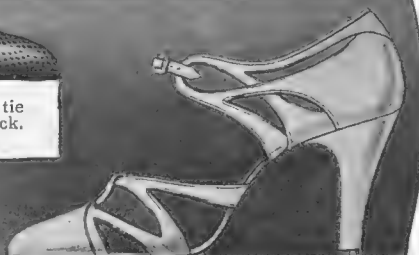
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WINTER FASHION DISPLAY



H.5658. White crêpe de chine sandal shoe for dyeing **21/=**



**58/6** C.4882. Brown lizard and calf tie shoe. Also bottle green or black.



H.5656. White crêpe de chine sandal shoe for dyeing. Also in black **38/6**

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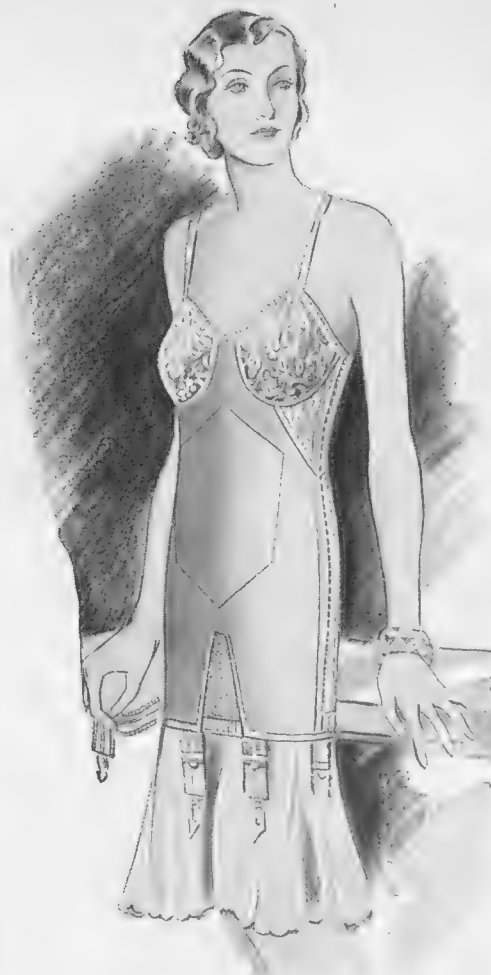
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COMPANY LIMITED

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THE illustration  
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entirely boneless, yet  
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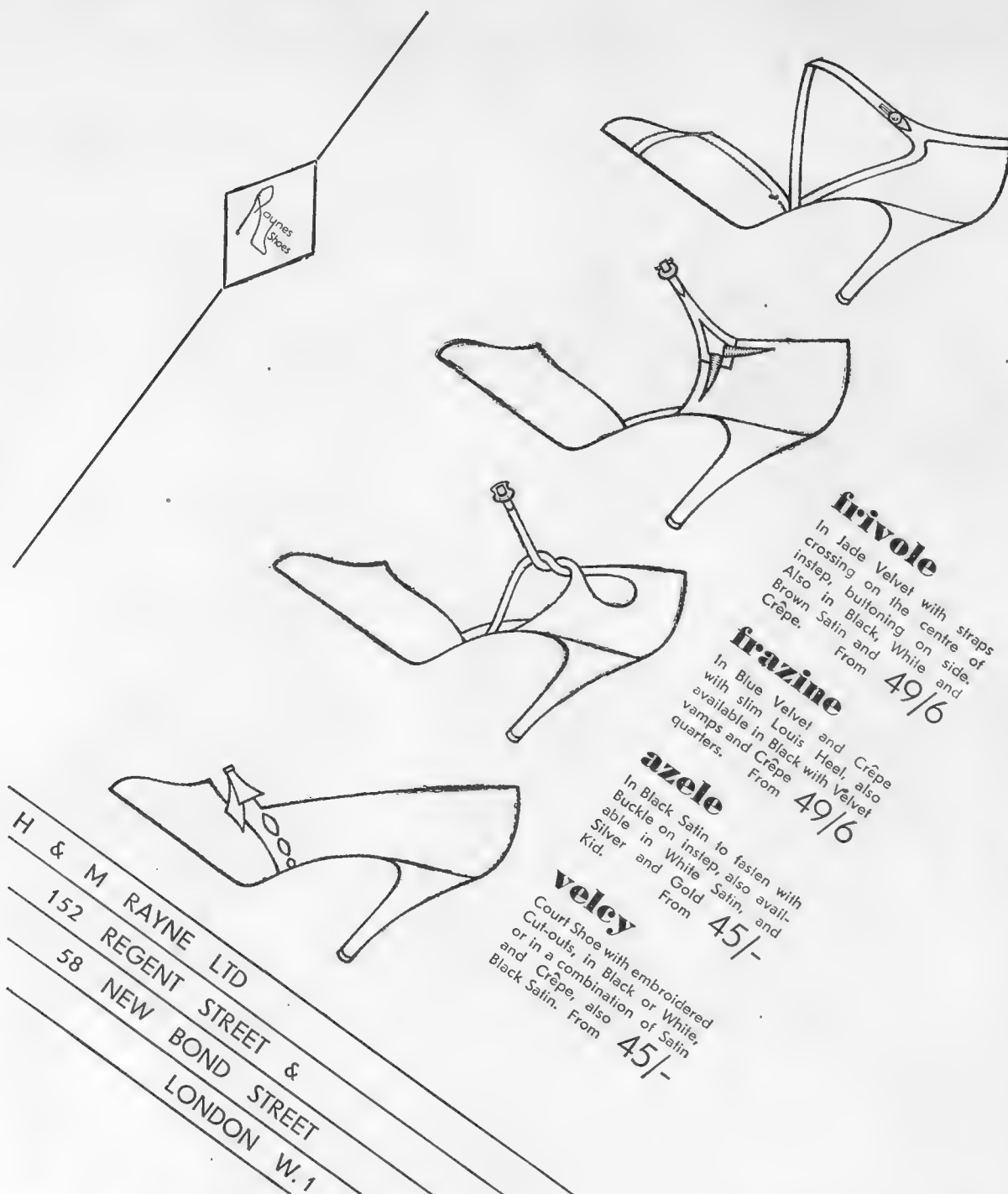
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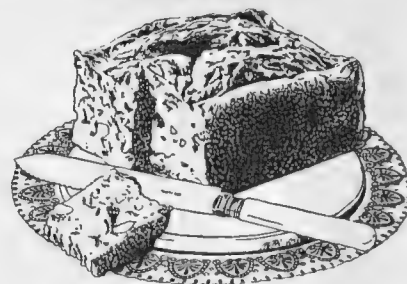
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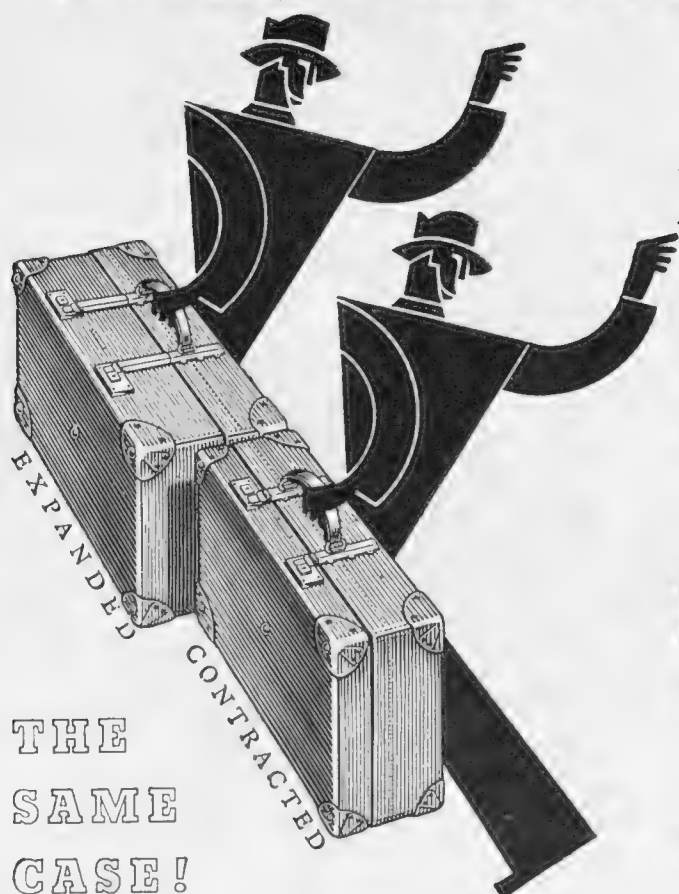
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'... or was prostrated'

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Photo by Tunbridge.

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7½ Guineas

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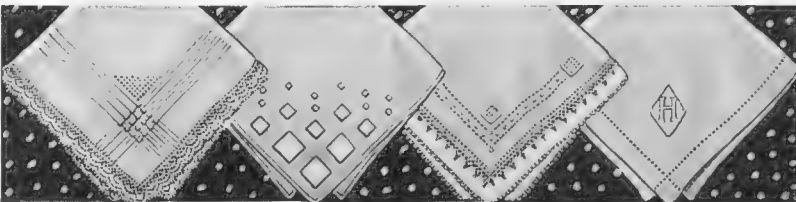
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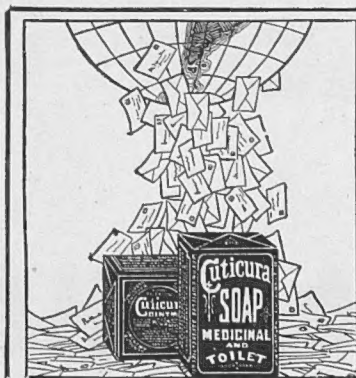
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# RUSSIA SHAKES HER WINGS



**T**HE roar of motors high in the air, muffled by the altitude and intervening space. It was more of a purr—rhythmic, smooth—music to the sensitive ears of a pilot quick to detect a dissonant note.

I stopped and looked up from the Red Square in Moscow.

One, two, three planes of Soviet Russia's Red Air Force. One of them a giant four-motored bomber. The first that I had ever seen of Russia's Red Air Fleet, the least known of the "winged armies" of the world, more mysterious than the Red Army itself.

"We shall soon have the largest air fleet in the world," remarked the Communist who had kindly volunteered to show me round Moscow.

He spoke with conviction and pride in his voice.

The Red Air Force of Russia—the largest and most powerful air fleet in the world! Endless squadrons of bombers, torpedo-carriers, fighters, dreadnoughts, cruisers, destroyers of the air! To be to Russia what the British Navy for generations has been to the British Empire, as one of the leaders put it.

That is the vision of the Kremlin—the goal that the "Master Minds" within it—men of whom you hear and read but seldom see—have set in the air for Soviet Russia. Having set it, they are going about to reach this goal with that ruthless determination which counts not the cost. Moreover, there are no pacifists in Russia to lay a paralysing hand on what has been decided as necessary for the country.

No secret is made of that goal. It is popular.

Read how the task of making Russia's Red Air Force the largest in the world is being achieved—In Lady Drummond Hay's article in this issue

## In The November Issue ON SALE NOW

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 "ALONE ON A WIDE, WIDE SEA," by C. Fox Smith  
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 "THE SPEED OF BIRDS, ANIMALS AND FISH," by J. Wentworth Day  
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